BOADICEA
Queen of Britain.

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted by

His Majesty's Servants

AT THE

THEATRE in *Lincolns-Inn-fields.*

Written by Mr. *Charles Hopkins.*

Katherine LONDON, Blount

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street.* 1697.

TO

Mr. Congreve.

LET other Poets other Patrons Chuſe,
Get their beſt Price, and proſtitute their Muſe:
With flattering hopes, and fruitleſs labour wait,
And Court the ſlippery Friendſhip of the Great:
Some trifling Preſent by my Lord is made,
And then the Patron thinks the Poet paid.
On you, my ſurer, nobler Hopes depend,
For you are all I wiſh; you are a Friend.
From you, my Muſe her Inſpiration drew,
All ſhe performs, I Conſecrate to you.
You taught me firſt my Genius and my Power,
Taught me to know my own, but gave me more,

DEDICATION.

Others may ſparingly their Wealth impart,
But he gives Nobleſt, who beſtows an Art.
Nature, and you alone, can that confer,
And I owe you, what you your ſelf owe her.
O! *Congreve*, could I write in Verſe like thine,
Then in each Page, in every Charming Line,
Should Gratitude, and Sacred Friendſhip ſhine.
Your Lines run all on eaſie, even Feet;
Clear is your Senſe, and your Expreſſion ſweet.
Rich is your Fancy, and your Numbers go
Serene and ſmooth, as Cryſtal Waters flow.
Smooth as a peaceful Sea, which never rolls,
And ſoft, as kind, conſenting Virgins Souls.
Nor does your Verſe alone our Paſſions move,
Beyond the Poet, we the Perſon Love.
In you, and almoſt only you; we find
Sublimity of Wit, and Candour of the Mind.
Both have their Charms, and both give that delight,
'Tis pity that you ſhould, or ſhould not Write;
But your ſtrong Genius Fortune's power defies,
And in deſpight of Poetry, you riſe.
To you the Favour of the World is ſhown;
Enough for any Merit, but your own.
Your Fortune riſes equal with your Fame,
The Beſt of Poets, but above the Name.

O!

DEDICATION.

O! may you never miſs deſerv'd ſucceſs,
But raiſe your Fortunes 'till I wiſh them leſs.

Here ſhould I, not to tire your patience, end,
But who can part ſo ſoon, with ſuch a Friend
You know my Soul, like yours, without deſign,
You know me yours, and I too know you mine.
I owe you all I am, and needs muſt mourn,
My want of Power to make you ſome return.
Since you gave all, do not a part refuſe,
But take this ſlender Offering of the Muſe.
Friendſhip, from ſervile Intereſt free, ſecures
My Love, ſincerely, and entirely, yours,

CHARLES HOPKINS.

Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *Betterton.*

DO you not wonder, Sirs, in theſe poor Days,
Poets ſhould hope for Profit from their Plays?
Dream of a full Third Day, nay, good ſixth Night,
(Eſpecially conſidering how they Write.)
But ſo it is; and thus I go to ſhow it,
Wo to us Players, every one turns Poet.
All Write alike, and therefore every Brother,
Free from all Envy, ſtands by one another;
They live more peaceably than Bees, no doubt,
Since not one drone of all is driven out.
Our Author is ſo green, and young a thing,
'Tis hard if he can yet have loſt his Sting!
Thoſe Boxes! He may beauteous Gardens call,
Fair are the Flowers, and he ſucks Sweets from all;
Nor is he leſs oblig'd to Masks and Beaus,
Who pay for Plays; even when they borrow Cloaths.
On your united Favours he depends,
And thinks you all his, and our Houſe's Friends.
Tho' you hate Blood-ſhed, out of pure good Nature,
As Poets, Criticks, or as Fops hate Satyr.
Be not to Day afraid to ſee us Bleed,
But let for once, a Tragedy ſucceed.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. *Bowman.*

WHO of you all can gueſs a Poet's trouble,
Which is in theſe Religious Days grown double?
Once only ſmutty Jeſts could pleaſe the Town,
But now (Heav'n help our Trade,) they'll not go down.
Our Liberties this hard reſtraint infringes;
For all our Authors are beſide their Hinges.
You Sparks, who knew the Story of this Play,
Thought to have ſeen two Raviſh'd Maids to day.
But by our Baſhful Youth one half is ſtifl'd,
My Siſter only (to my ſorrow) rifl'd.
Pray, tell me, Gentlemen, and tell me true,
Might not I well have claim'd that kindneſs too?
Maids may indeed in ſuch a caſe Miſcarry,
But what are Rapes to us wiſe Folks that Marry?
Thieves may but eaſily into open Houſes,
And Force will ſtill excuſe us to our Spouſes.
Stay——on my Conſcience now, our Author knew,
The way to pleaſe, was to ſave one for you.
Pray, after ſuch an Obligation, ſpeak;
Can you do ſo much for the Poet's ſake?
And yet he doubts the worſt, and is aſham'd
Before-hand of the Fate of being damn'd;
Eaſe him, by your applauſe, of his ſuſpicion,
And think, one day it may be your Condition.
For Fortune is her ſelf a very Woman,
And Human Chance to all alike is Common,
Masks, Beaus, and Criticks, will be true to No Man.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Boadicea,	Queen of *Britain*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Camilla, *Venutia*,	Her Daughters.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. Mrs. *Bowman*.
Cassibelan,	A *British* Prince, General of their Armies.	Mr. *Betterton*.

ROMANS.

Paulinus, *Decius*.	Joint Generals.	M. *Kynaston*. Mr. *Hudson*.
Fabian,	Favourite to *Paulinus*.	Mr. *Freeman*.
Caska,	Favourite to *Decius*.	Mr. *Sanford*.

Boadicea,

BOADICEA

Queen of Britain.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *the City of* Verulam, *with the* Britiſh *Army Encamped under it, and the* Romans *at ſome diſtance.*

Enter Caſſibelan, *and* Camilla.

Caſſ. MOurn not, my Love, becauſe the *Roman* Arms
Have once more fill'd our Iſland with Alarms.
By Heav'n, I rather thank their forward Care,
Who with ſuch readineſs ſupply the War.
Who let me every Day gain new Renown,
To make the Beauty whom I love my own.
Thou ſhalt the Center of my Wiſhes be,
The Sum of my Deſires is ſet in thee.
Cam. Take all the Love a Lover e'er could claim,
I own, my Charming Prince, an equal Flame.
Let your *Camilla* all ſhe feels confeſs,
And glory that her Paſſion is not leſs.
The tender'ſt Love of Woman-kind is due,
When 'tis ſolicited, dear Youth, by you.
Caſſ. O Words! to Charm an Angel from the Skyes,
O lovely, loving Maid! thou Heaven of Joys!

Let me run out, thus raviſh'd, on the Foe,
My Soul is rais'd, ſhall I not Conquer now?
Encourag'd thus, o'erthrow the *Roman* Bands,
Love guides my heart, and that ſhall guide my hands.

Cam. Still let me lock you in my longing Arms,
Gaze on you ſtill, for ev'n your Fury Charms.
Well might this Rage the *Roman* Legions fright,
But what diſheartens them, gives me delight:
Such Love as mine, might ev'n Love's Goddeſs yield,
For ſo look'd *Mars* in the *Phlegræan* Field.

Caſſ. Throw then thy ſnowy Arms about my Creſt,
And let me cruſh thy Beauties to my Breaſt:
Thy Tenderneſs this Martial warmth inſpires,
Thy Softneſs kindles theſe tranſporting Fires.
Thou firſt enflam'ſt me to the fierceſt heat,
And after Battel mak'ſt my Blood abate.

Cam. Let others boaſt their Beauty, or their Youth,
Or what is more, their Conſtancy, and Truth.
Let Nature all her Richeſt Gifts beſtow,
And in full Tides let their ſmooth Fortunes flow;
Heav'n ſhower upon them Bleſſings from above,
Teach them (the greateſt Bleſſing) how to Love.
All theſe are yours, yet there's one Charm in ſtore,
Of wondrous Gallantry, which Merits more:
In all your Words, your Actions, and your Meen,
There's ſomething more than Human to be ſeen.
That Godlike Something has peculiar Charms,
And that endears you to *Camilla*'s Arms.

Caſſ. Heaven! what a Spirit do thy Charms impart,
Strength to my Arms, and Courage to my Heart.
Thy Love is all my Spur, thy precious Smiles
The purchaſe of my over-rated Toils:
Let others Fight for Empire, or for Fame,
And the vain hopes of an Immortal Name;
I would not to the Field of Battel move,
For any Recompence that's leſs than Love.

Cam. What Woman might not ſuch dear words ſubdue,
To hear ſuch Paſſion ſpoke by ſuch as you?

But

But ſee, the Queen, with all the Court appears,
Her Royal Look Majeſtick Sorrow wears,
Her Eyes dart Fires, and ſcorn to melt in Tears.

Enter Boadicea, Venutia.

Boad. *Rome* is not yet the Miſtreſs of our Iſle,
Still Fortune ſheds on us an equal Smile,
Nor ſhrink we underneath the Warlike Toil.
Let Earth ſubmit to her Tyranick Sway,
No *Britain* born, can ſervilely obey.
Their Swords at liberty our Souldier wields,
Draws as ſtrong Bows, and lifts as pondrous Shields,
Diſputes as deſperately the Bloody Fields.

Caſſ. The Luſt of Power has ſet proud *Rome* on flame,
And Univerſal Empire is her aim;
Her Warlike Eagles ſpread from Pole to Pole,
Let Winds blow where they liſt, or Billows roll;
Thro' Woods and Wilds they force unbeaten ways,
Then ſteer more deſperate Courſes o'er the Seas.
New Legions now are Landed on our Shores,
And with freſh Troops relieve their ſhatter'd Powers;
From Vanquiſh'd *Gaul* their Conquering Arms are led,
And the Fam'd *Decius* Marches at their Head.

Cam. Yet will thoſe Conquerours act with prudent Care,
And proffer Peace, e'er they proceed to War.
Well do they know our Reſolute *Britain*'s Force,
And think it beſt, to take the mildeſt Courſe.
Reviewing what their Anceſtors have done,
They find they cannot boaſt of much they won.
Here, the Great *Julius* met his firſt Defeat,
Glad was that Godlike Victor to Retreat;
Compell'd to own, when he forſook our Shores,
No force on Earth could equal *Rome*'s, but ours.

Boad. He the firſt Rudiments of Conqueſt lay'd,
Then we were bravely fought with, now betray'd.
He ſhew'd how far Ambitious Spirits dare,
Bold were his Hopes, but his Purſuit was Fair.
Now with mean Arts *Rome* props her falling Cauſe,
Cæſar degenerates from what *Cæſar* was.

Our dying Lord, enſnar'd by *Nero*'s wiles,
Won by falſe Friendſhip, and deceiv'd by ſmiles,
Left him to be the Guard of us, and ours,
Left him the Charge of all his Hoſtile Powers,
His well-fill'd Armories, and Naval-Stores.
To *Rome*'s Rich Lot did all his Treaſures fall,
And faithleſs *Rome* has made a Prey of all.

Caſſ. Is *Britain* of her former Fires bereft,
Has ſhe no Brave, no Gen'rous Spirits left?
I find our Vengeance ſtrugling for a vent,
Shall *Rome* provoke? and ſhall not we reſent?
Let her make all the World beſides her own,
Nature has made us for our ſelves alone.
She fix'd our Iſle, caſt the wide Seas around,
Made the ſtrong Fence, and ſhall not hands be found
In *Britain*, to maintain the *Britiſh* bound?

Boad. Prince, in your Valour I repoſe my Truſt,
Strong are our Armies, as our Cauſe is juſt.
Alike in both, does your pleas'd Queen confide,
And Righteous Gods will take the Righteous ſide.
Then let the *Romans* like the Gyants riſe,
To fall, as they did, from revengeful Skyes.

Caſſ. I hear their Trumpets ſound the notes of Peace, *Trumpets from within.*
As they draw near, the pleaſing airs encreaſe.
A Bloody Field was once my ſole Delight,
My Buſineſs, and my Pleaſure was to Fight;
'Till your dear Beauties melted down my Heart,
And your kind Pity took your Beauties part.
Then was your Conqueſt abſolute and free,
And now my Pleaſure in the Peace ſhall be,
That I have leave to Love, Live, Die with thee.

Enter Decius, Caska, *Attended.*

Dec. To you, Great Princeſs, from Imperial *Rome*,
Sent on a peaceful Embaſſy I come.
With you alone, will our Dread Empreſs Treat,
And freely to your Choice ſhe leaves your Fate.
All Nations elſe without Diſpute Obey,
And Homage, as her vanquiſh'd Vaſſals, pay.

But from his Love to your dead Conſort due,
Our *Cæſar* condeſcends to Terms with you.

Bo. Well, was his Love, and well his friendſhip ſhown,
Making thoſe Realms, he ſwore to guard, his own:
But we (if lawful Princes could) rebell'd,
And ſecret Fraud with open Force repell'd.
Survey our Fields, your ſlaughter'd Legions count,
Learn to what numbers all your dead amount.
When her repeated Loſſes *Rome* ſhall know,
She will no more contemn, but court her Foe.

Dec. The World's dread Maſter, *Rome*'s Imperial Lord,
His Souldiers ravage in your Realms, deplor'd;
He knew not, while their Avarice urg'd them on
To thoſe injurious Wrongs, what Wrongs were done.
Now Conſcious of their guilt, I'm ſent to ſue
For Peace; which never *Roman* us'd to do.
See here, his awful, all-Commanding Hand,
[*Shows a Scroal of Parchment, ſubſcribed*, Nero Cæſar.
Sign'd to whatever Reaſon can demand.
Here Peace, or War, upon your Voice depends;
Think; and declare us either Foes or Friends.

Bo. Such have our Sufferings been, *Rome*'s Treachery ſuch,
You cannot grant, nor we demand too much:
But on theſe Terms, we chiefly ſhall inſiſt,
Firſt, let your numerous Forces be diſmiſt;
Your Garriſons from ſtrong-Wall'd-Towns withdraw,
No *Britiſh* Subject ſhall be kept in awe.
We will have all Prerogatives reſtor'd,
And *Rome* ſhall be our Ally, not our Lord.
This yielded to, will make us ſome amends;
Now 'tis in your deciſion, Foes or Friends?

Dec. All this does *Rome*'s indulgent Emperour yield,
Your Wiſh unbounded had an ample Field.
Now, peaceably, let *Rome*'s pleas'd Eagles fly,
And ſweep with noiſeleſs Pinions through the Skye.
Let *Britain*'s waving Streamers all be furl'd,
And Univerſal Reſt brood o're the World.
Let Winds forbear to rage, and Waves to roar,
But curling Floods come dancing to the ſhore;
Let all be Peace; for War is now no more.

Bo. The

Bo. The ſev'ring Clouds diſcloſe a glorious Scene;
Bright Sun-ſhine ſmiles on *Britain* once again,
And all the Heavens around us look ſerene.
Let us retire a while, our Terms to ſign,
Where *Ceſar*'s Hand has led the way to mine.
Then let all *Britain* at her Bliſs rejoice,
And you, brave Prince, my lov'd *Camilla*'s choice, } *to* Caſſib.
Have now your grateful *Boadicea*'s Voice.
From your bleſt Bed let long Succeſſion ſpring,
And every Royal Heir prove ſuch a King.

Caſſ. Now *Hymen* light thy Torch, and hold it high,
And ſcatter Sparks of Love about the Sky.
This day all fears of future Wars removes,
And all the rolling days to come, are Loves. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Decius, Caska.

Dec. O *Caska*! She's the ſame, the very ſame
I ſaw before in *Medway*'s ſilver Stream,
And now the ſecond ſight revives my Flame.
All-raviſh't on the flow'ry Bank I ſtood,
Viewing her Beauties through the liquid Flood:
Which when the Chaſte, and Charming Virgin knew,
With trembling haſte, all bluſhing, ſhe withdrew,
Shot thro' the ſtream, and vaniſh'd from my view.
I might have known her then of Royal Race,
For lovely Majeſty and Heavenly grace,
Shone bright in all the Features of her Face:
But now, I know her better, to my Coſt,
And found again, I find her ever loſt.
What might not I have ſuffer'd by this Truce?
Or what will my fantaſtick Fates produce?
No Wars ſhall ceaſe, no Souldier's Arm ſhall reſt,
If by this Peace my Rival ſhould be bleſt,
All Peace muſt fly from my diſtracted Breaſt.

Cask. Is this the Woman then? I'm glad ſhe's known.
Be rul'd by me, ſhe ſhall be ſtill your own.
Now ſhall your lingring Fever be remov'd,
And you be what you were before you lov'd.

When

When I have helpt to eaſe you of your pain,
I'll turn your Soul, new form'd, for War again.
Let not one riſing doubt your Thoughts perplex,
There are a thouſand ways to win the Sex.

Dec. She's too, oh! too far gone, too great a length,
E're to be reach'd by Stratagem or Strength.
Not all the dangers of the bloodieſt Field,
(You know, my Friend) can make my Courage yield;
Inur'd to Camps, in noiſe of Battels Nurſt,
Death in all Forms I've ſeen, and brav'd the worſt.
Nought but her loſs, my ſettled Soul could move,
Nor can I ſtoop to any God but Love.
Fixt like a Rock, amidſt a rapid Flood,
Beat on all ſides by Waves, unſhook I ſtood;
'Till Love, did like reſiſtleſs Lightning ſhoot,
Run thro', and thro', and rend me to the Root.

Cask. Suppreſs your Jealouſy, your Rage abate,
Nothing is got by this immoderate Heat.
To gain your point, wrong meaſures you purſue,
Which ſmooth deep Policy alone can do:
In theſe Concerns we muſt with caution move,
Leſs Artifice belongs to War than Love.

Dec. See me, my Friend, as calm as Lovers ſighs,
Silently liſtning for your kind Advice.
My Life, my Love, depend upon your Breath,
Plott with diſpatch, for all delay is Death.

Cask. Far off, indeed, your preſent Hopes appear,
Caſſibelan believes his Bliſs is near.
But he, ſhall like ſome fooliſh Stripling run,
Who thinks on the next Hill to ſeize the Sun;
But when he climbs the Mountain he deſign'd,
He ſees his Errour; and that Prince ſhall find,
Who thinks himſelf ſo near, how far he's left behind.

Dec. Let them not meet, nearer than Pole to Pole;
Diſtract their Loves, as they diſtract my Soul.
Conſult with Gods or Fiends; take any courſe,
And try what may be done, by Fraud or Force.
Rack your Invention for the ſpeedieſt way,
To drive their hopes; far as yon rolling Sea

Divides

Divides their World from ours; if e're they join,
All Heav'n meets in their Souls, all Hell in mine.

Cask. War muſt proceed, and Peace muſt be ſuppreſt,
Or you be never of your Wiſh poſſeſt.
The Peace confirm'd, your Rival's Joys enſue,
His Nuptials then are ſolemniz'd, and you
Shall have your Miſtreſs Married in your view.
But bloody Fields, and Battels loud alarms,
Will ſtill detain him from her longing Arms.

Dec. Speak on a little longer, quickly ſpeak,
O! tell me, what Evaſions can we make,
Or what Pretenſions have we now to break?

Cask. Since either ſide on every term agreed,
No doubt the Peace will on their part proceed.
Let us ſome new unthought of point ſuggeſt,
Which will be certain to confound the reſt:
Demand your Miſtreſs in your Colleague's Name,
Abſent, he cannot know he bears the blame,
And that again will ſet us all on flame.
Nay, to go farther yet; declare you come
With this Commiſſion from the Court of *Rome*.
Say the great Bravery by *Paulinus* ſhown,
Now fully to Imperial *Cæſar* known,
Makes him, by favour to the *Britains* led,
Propoſe a Conſul to *Camilla*'s Bed,
That by their Nuptials either Empire ty'd
Firmly, for ever may remain Ally'd.

Dec. Enough, the Queen, and all the Council's come,
I'le throw the Dice, what ever be my doom.
Thus far the War muſt favour my deſign
To croſs his Hopes, altho' it Crowns not mine.

Enter Boadicea, Camilla, Venutia, Caſſibelan.

Bo. Britain and *Rome* are Friends from Pole to Pole,
Winds waft the joyful News, and Waters roll.
Let every Voice, where Seas and Shore extend,
Aloud proclaim, that *Rome* is *Britain*'s Friend.

Let

Let fearful Virgins ſleep in quiet now,
Let well-pleas'd Hinds with chearful labour Plow,
And Peace be ſeen to ſit on every Brow.
Tides of full Joy ſwell high in every Breaſt,
For the long harraſs'd Earth is now at reſt.

Dec. Still, mighty Queen, does one great Point remain,
And that not granted, all the reſt are vain.
To you, fair Princeſs, am I ſent to move [*to* Camilla.
For my brave Colleague, in the Cauſe of Love.
Long has *Paulinus* ſigh'd his ſilent Vow,
But never would he make it known till now.
Cæſar declares himſelf his Souldier's Friend,
And on theſe terms decrees your Wars ſhall end:
By this Alliance will your Realms become
Link'd to the Intereſt of Imperial *Rome*;
So ſhall Hoſtility for ever ceaſe,
And *Rome* and *Britain* have eternal Peace.

Caſſ. War! rather let it be eternal War;
Let the whole World in endleſs Diſcord jar.
Run out, my Souldiers, bid our Trumpets ſound,
Let in their Notes the Voice of Peace be drown'd:
Bid every *Britain* haſten to his Arms,
And rouze the nodding World with new Alarms.
We'll dare the worſt, whatever Heav'n prepares,
Be Death or Conqueſt either ours, or theirs.

Bo. Fir'd with a juſt Reſentment and diſdain,
Britain ſhall never hear of Peace again.
Not tho' your *Cæſar* could command our Fate,
Shall *Boadicea* condeſcend to treat.
Would but my Daughter once her ſelf reſign,
Tho' to an Emperour of the *Roman* Line!
By Heav'n I'd uſe her as my deadlieſt Foe,
Scarce ſhould I uſe a faithleſs *Roman* ſo.

Caſſ. Tell the bold Rival of my ſacred Flame,
Tell him, *Caſſibelan* ſhall ſound his Name
Thro' all the embattell'd Squadrons, if he dare
Catch at the Sound, and meet his Rival there.

Dec. Britain, aſſure your ſelf you ſhall be met,
Now ſilence yours, and hear a *Roman* Threat.

Thoſe Swords are drawn, whoſe cruel Edge ſhall ſpare
No Sex or Age, in the reviving War,
Thoſe Souldiers are incens'd, whoſe deſperate Bands
Dare act whatever Rage, and Luſt commands.
They'l ſet your Temples and their Gods on Fire,
While Heav'n in vain ſees the bold Flames aſpire.
Chaſte Matrons, ſhall like common Strumpets burn,
And Infants from the Breaſts they ſuck, be torn.
Your Virgins ſhall on Shrines their Rapes deplore,
And pray to helpleſs Powers who ſuffer more.
Too late you will repent this raſh Retreat,
Wiſh for theſe Articles again too late,
When all your lofty Towers ſhall ſhine in Flames,
Death Riot in your Streets, your Silver *Thames*
Roll down into your Seas a purple Flood,
And all your Chalky Cliffs look red with Blood.

[*Exeunt* Decius, Caska.

Caſſ. Thro' the wide World let War's loud Voice be ſent,
Let the ſad Earth her dying Sons lament,
And Nature ſicken for the dire Event.
And you Imperial, but regardleſs Powers,
Who unconcern'd ſit ſmileing in your Bowers,
Let from your Hands the ſtrugling Lightning fly,
And toſs your flaming Bolts about the Skye.
Let all your Thunder ſpeak your loud Applauſe,
And Heav'n, and Earth, join with us in our Cauſe.

Bo. Beyond my Sex my towring Spirit dares,
Which ſhrinks not at the ſhrilleſt ſound of Wars.
We ſtand on Terms as good as *Rome*'s, and ours
Equal at leaſt, if not exceed their Powers.
And Poets, who ſhall write in ſacred Rhimes,
Our Actions to be read by future times;
If they take care to learn what each has loſt,
Shall find that *Rome* has no great cauſe to boaſt. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Venutia *ſola.*

Ven. Both ſides with equal hopes for Arms prepare,
I'm left alone, abandon'd to Deſpair.
How hard, alas! is my unhappy Fate,
Compell'd to love whom all my Nation hate?

Duty

Duty, and Love, my doubtful Heart divide,
Which, at a loſs to chooſe, takes neither ſide.
Britain muſt fall, if Conqu'ring *Rome* ſucceeds,
If *Britain* proſpers, my *Paulinus* bleeds:
Why ſhould I call him mine, who breaks the Vow
He made me once, but makes my Siſter now?
My other Griefs could, while he lov'd, be born,
But now I ſink with his unlook'd for ſcorn:
For tho' he ſhould perſiſt to uſe me ill,
I find it in my Fate to love him ſtill.

ACT II.

SCENE *Changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Paulinus *ſolus.*

Paul. SURE 'tis the beſt Eſtate when Mortals prove
None of the Sweet or Bitter Draughts of Love;
The Sweet can raviſh the tranſported Soul,
But ſtill the bitter makes the larger Bowl.
Let thoſe that will in ſuch a ſtate remain,
Share in no Pleaſure, to partake no Pain;
But I, above that dull indifference rais'd,
Would live in Pain to be but ſometimes pleas'd:
For in the Bliſs that Beauty can beſtow,
One hour of Joy outweighs an Age of Woe.

Enter Fabian.

Fab. I left, my noble Lord, our Arms Engag'd,
And now the bloodieſt War again is wag'd:
Never did *Romans* greater Bravery ſhow,
Nor ever were receiv'd ſo well as now.
Here *Britiſh* Troops, there *Roman* Legions yield,
And drive by turns each other thro' the Field.
Here Fierce *Caſſibelan*, there *Decius* ſtorms,
While Fate attends them both, in all its Forms;
Each Party Fights as certain of Succeſs,
Nor can their Loſſes make their Courage leſs.

Conqueſt, or Death, each ſide alike purſues,
And Victory ſtill doubts which ſide to chuſe.

Paul. Let either ſide, as pleaſes Fate, prevail,
Our Forces are too faint to turn the Scale:
Spent with the Toils and long Fatigues they bore,
They have not ſtrength enough for ſuffering more:
Here in the Camp a feeble Guard they lye,
Forward they cannot move, yet will not Fly:
And while my gallant Friend diſputes the Field,
All that oppoſe him muſt expect to yield.

Fab. Were not your Fame, my Lord, already known,
'Twould grieve me if he Conquer'd all alone;
For never did the Sun his Beams diſplay,
Or drive his Chariot in a nobler day:
Young *Decius*, fir'd with over-boyling Blood,
Chaſes, Lion-like, to be ſo long withſtood.
Mad with delay, and raging to o'recome,
He rails at Fortune for forſaking *Rome*:
If e're he could of his Succeſs deſpair,
He doubts it now, and wiſhes you were there.

Paul. Once could my Nature of her ſelf excite
My willing Soul, and warm me to the Fight;
My Spirits of themſelves cou'd fire my *Frame*,
Needing no Foreign Breath to blow the Flame.
But when Enchanting Love had made them droop,
They wanted ſuch a Friend to raiſe them up.
Let to the Field our ſhatter'd Forces go,
And ev'ry Son of *Rome*, tho' fainting, ſhow
A manly Face to the prevailing Foe.
Save the dear Credit of the *Roman* Name,
And in their Deaths, at leaſt, ſecure her Fame.

Fab. O doubt us not, my Lord, we ſhall ſubdue,
Fortune and Victory are now in view,
And they have waited all along for you.
Love's Goddeſs too ſhall thus eſpouſe your Cauſe,
For vanquiſh'd Foes receive the Victor's Laws.

Paul. Away, my Friend, and bid the Souldiers Arm,
While I can keep my ſtrugling Spirits warm. [*Exit* Fabian.
Love, what a God art thou? no Power Divine
Enjoys an Empire uncontroll'd like thine,

O're

O're Land, and Seas, extends thy boundleſs ſway,
And Kings on Earth, and Gods in Heav'n Obey.
Do thou but lift aloft thy Sacred Brand,
It aws the Lightning in the Thund'rer's Hand.
Often have Gods deſcended from above,
And laid aſide their Heavenly Forms, to prove
Joys worthy Gods, which nought can give, but Love.
Thy Power is known in Camps, and midſt Alarms,
Thou mak'ſt the Souldier Languiſh in his Arms.
In vain, our Drums and Trumpets take our parts,
Their Voice may ſtrike our Ears, but thine our Hearts.
Againſt thy ſubtle Power, there's no defence,
Nor would I, if I could, expel thee hence.
I'll drag my Chains, nor covet to be free,
Reign in *Venutia*, as you Reign in me. [*Exit.*

Enter Decius, *his Sword drawn.*

Dec. Fortune, which once a foreign Courſe begun,
Returns within her Native Banks to run;
She would not for a while her Channel know,
But her diſorder'd Streams glide ſmoothly now.
The *Britains* are at laſt compell'd to yield,
Yet fierce *Caſſibelan* ſtill keeps the Field.
He ſaw us, in deſpight of all his Powers,
Make the proud Queen, and both her Daughters ours.
His Rage redoubled with the killing ſight,
Works him to wondrous Actions in the Fight.
Mad at their loſs, diſtracted with his Flame,
He ſeeks to mend their Fate, or meet the ſame.

Enter Caska, *and Souldiers, forcing in* Caſſibelan.

Cask. Preſs him more home, your blows more cloſely ply,
Since he diſdains ſubmiſſion, let him dye.
Dec. Stand off, this muſt my ſingle Conqueſt be,
And Gods! I thank you, he's reſerv'd for me.
Turn hither, and begin a Nobler ſtriſe,
And know, you Fight for ſomething more than Life.

Enter

Enter Fabian, *and runs betwixt them.*

Fab. Hold, I conjure you, hold, your Rage ſuſpend,
And ſave your Foe, if you would ſave your Friend. [*To Decius.*
Paulinus venturing for your ſake too far,
Shares the ſame Fortune with the Prince in War.
Fate gives you this Occaſion to Redeem
Your gen'rous Colleague, by releaſing him.
Caſſ. Rather than ſo my Liberty regain,
Contentedly I'll drag the weightieſt Chain.
Tho' I ſhould live in ſhameful Bonds confin'd,
I will not go, and leave my Love behind.
Terms ſuch as theſe, what Lover would embrace?
To ſend his Rival to ſupply his place.
So fooliſh an Exchange ſhall never be,
Nor ſhall your Gen'ral be releas'd thro' me,
If you would free him, ſet *Camilla* free.
Dec. Her freedom is not in my power to grant,
Concerns like thoſe, will his Concurrence want.
Tho' you may view him with a Rival's Eyes,
Let not the ſmalleſt jealouſie ariſe,
His Virtue will ſecure the Charming Prize.
Think on the way a Wiſe Man would purſue,
The *Romans* want him, and the *Britains* you.
Let each his former Station take, then treat
Of *Boadicea*'s, and her Daughter's Fate.
Caſſ. Stay——Let me firſt the lovely Priſoners ſee,
And know if they conſent to ſet me free;
I'll do what e'er the Captive Queen deſires, } *Ex* Caſſib. *and*
And act as ſhe Commands, and Love inſpires. } Fabian.
Dec. Here, *Caska*, let your Gen'ral's Sufferings end,
Love ſhall be mine, ſince Fortune is my Friend.
Go now, and ſend my Rival off——but ſtay,
Form ſome Deſign to ſtop him in the way,
I would not have *Paulinus* here to day.
Thus does the Plunder of a proſp'rous Field,
All I could ask propitious Fortune yield.
Since then I won her, with extreameſt toil,
What hinders, but I now partake the Spoil?

By

By Heav'n, it ſhall be ſo, there lyes my Game,
Yet will I ſoftly firſt confeſs my Flame,
With all the low ſubmiſſion Love can Claim ;
If Prayer ſhould prove an ineffectual Courſe,
Rather than fail, I'll ſeize on Heaven by force.
With Manly Paſſion to poſſeſſion move,
And all the Joys in one bleſt minute prove,
She would deny an Age of whining Love. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Caſſibelan *leading in* Boadicea, Camilla, Venutia *following.*

Caſſ. Not all the ſpiteful Fates have Power to do
Could move me, were they kind, or juſt to you.
I ſhould not at my own miſchance repine,
If your Misfortunes had not doubled mine.
O! could I ever think your ſight would be
A Torment, as it grows, alas! to me, *To Camilla.*
Now I have no way left to ſet you free.
It calls the mounting blood into my face,
And makes my troubled Spirits pant a-pace.
Yet Heavn's my Witneſs, when I ſaw you ſeiz'd,
To what tranſporting Rage my Soul was rais'd ;
Forward I ruſh'd with an impetuous Courſe,
Provok'd to Deeds exceeding humane force.
But our ill Fates my beſt Efforts withſtood,
For ſure no Mortal oppoſition cou'd.

Boad. All the Malignant Stars at laſt have ſhed
Their venom down on my devoted head.
Your vent'ring in the Fatal Field ſo far,
Has put an end to our unhappy War.
Did you but lead our yet remaining Powers,
Had you your freedom, we might hope for ours.
But *Britain* now, no gallant Chief can boaſt,
In you, the Kingdom, and the Queen are loſt.

Caſſ. Fortune does here her utmoſt Malice ſhow,
I dare not now be free, I dare not go,
And leave my lov'd *Camilla* with my Foe.
If to my proffer'd Liberty I move,
I ſend a Conquering Rival to my Love.

Paulinus

Paulinus ſhares my Fate, ſhall I releaſe,
Or would you have the *Roman* fill my Place?
Firſt let me in my Bonds reſign my breath,
And rather find my Liberty in Death.

Cam. Doubt not, my Prince, my Conſtancy, and Truth,
Once truſt a Woman in her blooming youth.
Have I not Sworn by all the Powers Divine,
I never would to other Arms reſign,
Never be any Mortal Man's but thine?
Shall I repeat again the frequent Vow,
You muſt, I know you do believe me now.
Go then, my Love, no Conquering Rival fear,
He ſhall not gain another Conqueſt here.
Go Lead again impatient *Britain*'s Powers,
And having got your Freedom, haſten ours.

Caſſ. Guide of my Actions, Monarch of my Heart,
Who only from your ſelf can make me part.
No Jealouſies of you diſturb my reſt,
But doubt of Gods, and Fortune, rack my Breaſt.
I doubt the *Roman* Virtue quite forgot,
I doubt, (Oh! my ſick Soul) what doubt I not?
A thouſand dreadful ſhapes around me fall,
Of thouſand ills——and Lovers fear them all.
Yet in deſpight of all my fears I'll go,
Since you, O! Soul of Love! would have it ſo.
I'll pay a blind Obedience, and be free,
And live, if poſſible, a while from thee.

Cam. Heav'n knows, unwillingly I ſend you hence,
But oh! I cannot with our Fates diſpence.
The ſad neceſſity your ſelf may ſee,
And you muſt part, my Prince, to reſcue me.
Such means for Bliſs, to all Mankind are giv'n,
Ordain'd to dye, e'er they arrive at Heav'n.
My riſing griefs work up to that exceſs,
That Soul and Body ſevering, ſuffer leſs.
But go, while I can bid you, for anon
My hands will hold you, tho' I wiſh you gon.
Go, and the Gods, in pity to our pain,
Will ſurely let us meet in Bliſs again.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. Oh! ſhut not up your Lips, nor lock your Tongue,
My Soul for ever on their Sound had hung;
On your dear looks my famiſh'd Eyes would dwell,
A thouſand things my faultring words would tell,
I'd, talk and touch, and kiſs, and then---oh! then farewell;
Another, and another laſt Embrace, [*Embracing her.*
I'le print them on your lovely Lips apace,
And ſpread ten thouſand thouſand o're your Face;
Oh! turn not yet away, for now I go. [Boad. *going to lead her off.*
When ſhall we meet again, ye Powers! that know,
Oh! tell me, ſhall we meet, and when, and how?
My Thoughts, like Waves, roll o're each other faſt,
The firſt confus'dly ſwallow'd by the laſt:
My throbbing Heart beats thick, and ſomething bodes
I know not how, nor what; propitious Gods!
If ever pangs like mine were felt above,
From my wrack'd Soul my mortal Fears remove, [*Ex. ſeverally.*
Show your Compaſſion; and preſerve my Love.

Manet Venutia.

Ven. It cannot ſure be true, it cannot be,
Paulinus ſhould ſo ſoon abandon me;
'Till from himſelf I can his falſehood know,
I will not, for my eaſe, conclude him ſo;
But then——Oh Heaven! if he confeſſes—then
What Woman will believe a Man again?
Our Sex is govern'd by ſeverer Laws,
Mutes only in our moſt important Cauſe;
We walk like troubled Shades with ſilence Curſt,
And muſt not ſpeak, 'till thoſe we haunt, ſpeak firſt.
Stronger than Men's are all our mad Deſires,
And yet we ſtruggle to ſuppreſs our Fires;
In vain, alas! we think to keep them pent,
While every look and action give them vent:
Our Paſſion breaks through all the thin diſguiſe,
Our panting Heart ſpeaks what our Tongue denys,
The Love that tears our Breaſts, will tremble at our Eyes.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers* Camilla *aſleep; ſhe wakes, and comes forward.*

Cam. Where am I! or, oh Heav'n! where have I been?
And what diſtracting Viſions have I ſeen?
Methoughts within ſome dark and diſmal Grove,
I lay lamenting my departed Love:
Fierce Wolves howl'd loud, and Lyons roar'd a-round,
And Tygers bounded o're the Neighbouring ground.
The ſavage Satyrs from the Woods advanc'd,
And all about in Antick Meaſures danc'd;
The ſight of them my killing Fears increaſt,
But Man came next more Savage than the reſt;
He ſeiz'd, and claſp'd me cloſe, and ſternly, ſwore
That I ſhould eaſe, at laſt, the Pangs he bore;
He preſs'd and ſtruggl'd hard, and I at length
Muſt have ſurrendred to the Tyrant's ſtrength;
When, in compaſſion to my fearful Pains,
The God of ſleep loos'd his perplexing Chains.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Stay, charming Princeſs, ſtay; oh! do not flee,
Turn, lovely, barbarous Beauty, turn, and ſee
The wondrous force and rage of Love in me;
'Tis not a ſudden Heat, or new-born Flame;
From your firſt ſight, long ſince, my Paſſion came.
In *Medway*'s Flood, you kindled my deſires,
And ſhot into my Soul reſiſtleſs Fires;
My Flames grow now too fierce, too wild to move
In the known Tracks, or beaten Paths of Love.
They ſcorn to go by juſt Degrees about,
But break, at once, like haſty Lightning out.
You look aſtoniſh't, and the ſtrange ſurprize
Rolls wildly in your lovely charming Eyes.
You ſtart, as from a Dream, and ſeem to take
Time to conſider if you're yet awake,
While your amazement will not let you ſpeak.

Cam.

Cam. Well may amazement ſeize a Captive Maid,
By cruel Stars to faithleſs Foes betray'd,
Nor know I whither your Diſcourſe can tend,
You ſpoke before in favour of your Friend;
But know, that both ſo little I eſteem,
I ſcorn it equally from you or him.
Grow as renown'd as *Cæſar* in your Wars,
Get your great Name enroll'd among the Stars,
Ride on triumphant o're the Conquer'd Ball,
Your being born a *Roman* ruins all.

Dec. That more confirms your Power, and ſerves to ſhow
Love only could reduce a *Roman* Foe.
To ſuch a pitch my wing'd Affections ſoar,
I love not now my Fame or Honour more;
Your Sighs within your ſwelling Boſom keep,
Dry up your Tears, for here you muſt not weep.
I'le make your Liberty again your own,
I'll ſeat you on Imperial *Britain*'s Throne,
Whence all around, your Royal Eyes ſhall ſee
No Slave ſo proud to ſerve, as I ſhould be.

Com. Tho' Liberty is all I wiſh or want,
Of you, I will not ask, or take the grant:
Know then, to ſhow you your deſires are vain,
I loath your Perſon, and your Love diſdain.
Let Hounds and Fawns, let Wolves and Lambs be join'd;
Each Creature coupling with a different kind;
Then by the ſame blind Change of Nature led,
Let *Britains* with the barbarous *Romans* wed.

Dec. Take heed, injurious Fair, and blow not up
My Flames, already grown too fierce to ſtop;
Rather with milder words my Pains aſſwage,
Or Love rejected will convert to Rage:
Now, by the Gods, I muſt, I will be bleſt,
Thoſe Beauties were ordain'd to be poſſeſt,
And you, who broke it, ſhall reſtore my reſt. } [*holding her.*

Cam. Pollute me not with your deteſted touch,
[*breaking from him.*
My Ears already have endur'd too much.
Heaven will no farther let me be betray'd,
But work ſome Miracle to ſave a Maid.

I ſee dread *Jove* on high *Olympus* ſtand,
And hear the Thunder grumbling in his Hand,
Ready to hurle it on your impious Head,
And if you dare to wrong me, daſh you dead.

Dec. Weak Fancies of ſome undigeſted Dream,
Do what we will, the Gods are ſtill the ſame;
Stretch'd at their Eaſe within their bliſsful Bowers,
They mind their Pleaſures, and diſturb not ours;
But tho' they ſhould on your behalf appear,
They ſhall not force me from a Bliſs ſo near,
I love too well, too fiercely to forbear.

Can. Heav'n! I muſt let my juſt Reſentments fall,
They but provoke him more, and ruin all. [*Aſide.*
If you would have your Paſſion underſtood,
To ſhow your Love, act as a Lover ſhou'd.
Poſſeſſion is the leaſt and pooreſt part,
Not worth your taking 'till you win the Heart;
Then only is the Bliſs entire and whole,
When with the Body you enjoy the Soul.
Long Services alone ſhould that obtain,
And not one haſty Love Confeſſion, gain.
With humble Looks, and awful Homage ſue,
With doubts, deſpairs, and deep diſtractions woo,
Give me thoſe proofs, and try what they may do.

Dec. Believe I love,
That I already have not ſnatch'd the Heav'n
Within my reach, but waited 'till 'twere given:
You ſee me ſtrangely chang'd from what I was,
A change which none but you could ever cauſe.
In all my former Wars when Towns were won,
And proſtrate Beauties crouded up my way,
My boundleſs Rage forbore to rifle none,
Seizing on whom I pleas'd as lawful Prey,
Scorn'd when enjoy'd, and cheaply caſt away.
Ambition govern'd all my life before,
None of theſe tender Sentiments I knew,
'Till firſt I ſaw you in a happy Hour;
When with my Eyes, fix'd upon yours, I drew
The welcome Pain, and pleaſing ſmart from you.

Love

Love ſtarted late, but fled with wondrous haſte,
Uſing his utmoſt ſpeed to reach the Goal,
On his ſtretch'd Wings he ſhot himſelf ſo faſt,
He ſits enthron'd already in my Soul,
Diffus'd as ſoon as enter'd, thro' the whole.
Chooſe then, dear Charmer, chooſe the mildeſt Courſe,
[*Kneeling.*
Yield quickly, yield thoſe Joys, my Heavenly fair;
I cannot forfeit, and I would not force,
Yield to this Love, to this ſubmiſſive Prayer,
And do not, do not drive me to deſpair.
Thus let me take poſſeſſion of your Charms, [*riſing and holding her.*
Thus trembling with the Tranſport graſp my Bliſs,
Thus fold your Beauties in my raviſh'd Arms;
Print on your balmy Lips this burning Kiſs,
Faint with an extaſie of Joy like this.
Cam. What ſhall I ſay to move the Tyrant's Soul? [*Aſide.*
[*to him*] O take the Kingdoms I was born to rule,
Your Sway, let my revolted Subjects own,
Seize on the Scepter, and aſcend the Throne.
Gladly I would the World's large Rule reſign,
And leave you all, leave but Honour mine.
Dec. The World is not a Ranſom for your Charms,
Nor Men, nor Gods, ſhall ſnatch you from my Arms.
Take Courage, Fair, diſpel your Virgin Fears,
And let my longing Lips drink up your Tears;
With tranſport to your Raviſht Lover move,
Crown both our Joys, and give a looſe to Love.
Thus let me pour my ſighs upon your Breaſt,
And ſoftly lull my Feveriſh Soul to reſt.
Thus let me run your Beauties o're and o're,
Enjoying all, yet ſtill deſiring more. [*Embracing her.*
Cam. Change me to ſomething, Heaven! deform'd and foul,
Blot from my Face the Charms that fir'd his Soul.
Give me the Monſtrous *Gorgon*'s dreadful Head,
That I may look this fouler Monſter dead:
Make me as loathſome, and as hideous be,
As much abhor'd by him as he's by me.
Dec. O! ſtill continue thus, relentleſs fair,
Rack me with doubts, and drive me to deſpair;

Sure

Sure if you wound ſo deeply with your ſcorn,
Your kindneſs cannot be by Mortal born:
O! ſtill refuſe to meet my fierce deſires,
My own are hot enough, ſuppreſs your Fires;
And yet your lovely Cheeks begin to glow,
And ſtrugling warmth ſtrikes out — why, let it now?
Your yielding Heart, would to my Wiſh incline,
Methinks I feel it beat, and leap at mine.
Your panting Breaſt ſends up your ſighs apace,
And ſoft Conſent ſits bluſhing on your Face:
Love Dawns, and his reſiſtleſs Fires ariſe,
And now they lighten faſt from both our Eyes;
Ye Gods! if one muſt periſh in the Fire,
Let *Semele* be ſafe and *Jove* expire.

Cam. Oh! that my Eyes like Baſilisks could roll,
And dart their pointed glances thro' thy Soul.
Still will you, Cruel Heaven! your aid deny?
Is it ſo hard to give me leave to dye?
Gods! if you ever are concern'd to know,
The barbarous Crimes done hourly here below,
Exert your ſelves, and ſhow your Juſtice now.
Without diſtinction, let your Vengeance ſtrike,
Confounding Guilt and Innocence alike;
Drive us on Precipices, Daggers, Flames,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or dround in rapid Streams,
So either dies, 'tis all your Suppliant claims.

Dec. Death! I ſhall trifle all the time away,
Now my deſires will brook no more delay.
Who waits within? Hence with this fooliſh Maid, [*Enter Sold.*
And ſee the Charge I gave you be obey'd.
'Tis your own fault, I take the rougheſt courſe. } *She kneels,*
Kneel not, rejected Love knows no remore; } *and holds*
Tear off her hold, and drag her hence by force. } *by him.*

The Souldiers drag her along the Stage as ſhe ſpeaks.

Cam. Oh! now, good Gods! now let your ſuccour come,
Gape Earth, gape wide, and hide me in your Womb;
Fall Heav'n, and cruſh me with the pond'rous blow,
O're my drown'd Coarſe, let rolling Oceans flow.
Forſake me Life, fly my deteſted Breath
From my curs'd Lungs, give me ſome hold of Death.

'Tis

'Tis done; I thank you, Gods, my Fears are o're;
And Tyrant, I am now beyond your Power.
Swoons, and is carried off in the Souldiers Arms.
Dec. Away, ſhe ſhall not long entrans'd remain,
I'll quickly bring her back to Life again.
My Soul is ſtraining to the full delight,
Gods! let me have this one, this charming Night;
Put but my Pleaſures out of Fortune's power,
Then come whatever can, I've had my Hour. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Enter Decius, Camilla.

Cam. LOOK down, relentleſs Heav'n! look down, and ſee
All that is greatly wretched, here in me.
Winds ceaſe to blow, and weeping Clouds to Rain,
And ruffled Seas grow ſtill and ſmooth again.
Stars take their turns to glitter in the Skies,
The Silver Moon, her Brothers place ſupplies,
And the deſcending Sun again will riſe.
But an unhappy Virgin, once deflour'd,
Can never have her riſl'd Wealth reſtor'd:
No Remedy is known, no cure is found,
When our wrong'd Honour has receiv'd a Wound:
For ever loſt, if once it ſuffers Wrack,
Nor Men, nor Gods themſelves, can give it back.
Dec. Not wrack'd, but ſafe within the Port you ride,
And harbour'd thus, may ſtem the ſtrongeſt Tide. *Embracing her.*
By Heav'n, I love you better than before,
The rich Enjoyment has enflam'd me more.
Nothing my ſetled Paſſion can divert;
You Conquer'd, and you keep my Captiv'd Heart:
Devoutly will I ſtill my Bliſs purſue,
And fix that happineſs I found in you.
Cam. Oh! what a wretched Creature am I now?
And what a moſt Inhumane Villain thou?

Where

Where are your Bolts? ye Gods! long ſuffering Heav'n!
Why are no Signs of your Reſentment given?
If any longer Vengeance is delay'd,
And you refuſe to right an injur'd Maid,
Lewd Poets ſhall no more be thought prophane,
But all their Scandals will Belief obtain:
How you your ſelves have often acted Rapes,
Often deceiv'd the Nymphs in ſundry Shapes;
Often debauch'd your Heav'n, and fill'd your Skies
With Maiden ſhrieks, and riſt'd Virgins Cries.
And now grown Conſcious of your Crimes, your fear
Keeps you from puniſhing this Monſter here.

Dec. In vain, you let your fruitleſs Paſſion riſe,
In vain, you hurl your Anger at the Skyes,
Your unregarded Wrath moves no Replies.
Turn hither, dear miſtaken Charmer, turn,
Behold, with what a conſtant Flame I burn,
And 'till you are forſaken, ceaſe to Mourn.
In me repoſe your Cares, and do not grieve,
For only I, who wrong'd you, can relieve;
Lull in my Arms, your anxious Thoughts to reſt,
And ſeek to loſe them on your Lover's Breaſt.

Cam. Love cannot in that barbarous Boſom dwell,
The Brand that fir'd thee, had its Fires from Hell.
Nor is there one of all the Fiends below,
So Monſtrous, or ſo much a Fiend as thou.
How ſhall I fly from thy deteſted ſight?
How, ſince thou mad'ſt me loath it, ſhun the Light?
I'le take no Food, but ſtop my ſtiff'd Breath,
And find at laſt, ſome Path that leads to Death,
Then, when I reach the dreadful Thund'rer's Throne,
I'll make him hurl his loathful Vengeance down.

Dec. Thou ſhalt not yet go hence, tho' not the Fear
Of either Earth, or Heav'n, detains thee here.
I will not change my Bliſs for theirs above,
Yet theirs conſiſts, like mine, in nought but Love.
In making thee, their Art was at a ſtand,
And if they would, they cannot mend their Hand.

Cam. Talk this, but talk it to the troubled Sea,
Or Winds that bear it on their Wings away.

My

My Soul works high with Grief, as Waves with Wind,
Shame and Confuſion, Rage and Vengeance join'd,
Roll like ſwol'n Seas in my Tempeſtuous Mind.
Now Curſe upon the Stars that rul'd my Birth,
Curſe on all impious Raviſhers on Earth;
On all Injurious Power a double Curſe,
Men, as they grow the greater, grow the worſe.
Curſe on my Fate that will not let me free,
Curſe on my ſelf, for waſting words with thee.
Dec. The more Men ſpeak, the more their words are loſt,
When moſt they ſhow their Love, they ſuffer moſt.
Nature deſign'd your Sex to be controll'd,
Proud to the fawning, cringing to the bold.
And ſince ſo much my proffer'd Love you ſlight,
You teach me now to uſe a Conqu'rour's right.
Love ſhall no more the ſole Dictator be,
But you ſhall act whatever I decree,
And only live and die, as pleaſes me.
Cam. Why liv'd I not, ye Gods! in ſuch an Age,
When Virtuous Maids endeavouring to eſcape,
By their vain flight, the luſtful Followers Rage,
No longer able to out-run the Rape,
Could, to preſerve their Honour, loſe their ſhape?
Fair *Daphne* thus by youthful *Phœbus* woo'd,
Whom long ſhe ſhun'd in an unequal Race,
Finding her ſelf at laſt too cloſe purſu'd,
Timely Transform'd, beguil'd the God's Embrace,
Who claſp'd a Laurel in the Virgin's place.
But ſince my harder Fortune could deny
Such wondrous Succour to prevent my ſhame,
Oh! yet relent, ye Gods! and let me die,
Here let my Sufferings end, 'tis all I claim,
Who cannot be more wretched than I am.
Make me forget this my moſt mortal wrong,
And that I ne're may wound you with my moan;
Rob me of Thought, deprive me of a Tongue,
Change me to ſtupid Trees, or ſenſeleſs Stone,
Contrive my quiet to ſecure your own. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Caska.

Cask. Love ſits in Triumph on your raviſh'd Brow,
And Beauty waits on Fortune's Chariot now.
In your glad Looks, immortal Pleaſure's ſeen,
Dawns at your Eyes, and dances through your Meen.
You took the ſureſt, and the ſpeedieſt Courſe,
For Women only wiſh and wait for Force.
They dare not of themſelves reſign the Field,
But ſtorm'd, like Frontier Towns, rejoice to yield.
Dec. Yes, 'tis my Triumph now; her riſl'd Charms
Are richer Spoils than e're I won in Arms:
By all the Gods, ſhe is beyond compare,
Not of the Mould that other Women are.
Joys after Joys in her poſſeſſion roll,
And Tides of ſpringing Bliſs beat faſt upon the Soul.
Heav'n ſeems to ſwim before the dazled ſight,
And Thought it ſelf lies drown'd in deep delight.
Cask. Since then you've run the mighty Pleaſure o're
And ſhe can give, and you deſire no more;
Since ſhe has nothing new to raiſe your Flame,
But all her Beauties will be ſtill the ſame,
Call your forgotten Glory to your aid,
Turn back to War, and ſend away the Maid.
Dec. Go, bid ſome God, lull'd in delight, on high,
Forego his Pleaſures, and forſake his Skye;
Bid Jove, whom conſtant Cups of Nectar feaſt,
Starve in full Banquets, and forbear to taſte;
And if the immortal Powers their Heav'n reſign,
Bid me, by their Example, forfeit mine.
Cask. Yet ſuch a Feaſt, at laſt, may dangerous prove,
And you grow ſurfeited with too much Love.
You've only taſted yet, the Sweets that ſwim,
Round the deceitful Bowl's delicious brim;
But if you go too deep, and drink it up,
Some Dreg at laſt, may poiſon all the Cup.
Dec. If fearful Sea-men, when a proſp'rous gale,
And flowing Tide invites them, will not ſail;

If

If then, they dare not unknown Worlds explore,
And run to diſtant Climes for Golden Ore,
They ought to languiſh in their Wants on Shore.
Cask. But if raſh Mad-men, when a troubled Sky,
And ſwelling Seas preſage a Tempeſt nigh,
When raging Winds work roaring Ocean's high;
If then they venture o're the tumbling Wave,
And meet at laſt the Ruin which they brave;
On them, the Juſtice of the Gods is ſhown,
The Fault is not their Fortune's, but their own.
Dec. No more, ſince only ſhe can make me bleſt,
Of her I am, and will remain poſſeſt;
Let Gods repine, and Fortune do her worſt,
I will not be by ought, but Death, divorc't.
From vengeful Foes I can my ſelf defend,
And have a Gift that will ſecure my Friend.
Venutia to *Paulinus* I'le reſign,
And by Conſent preſerve *Camilla* mine.
Both march in Love and War, triumphant home,
And force the vanquiſh'd Queen to Peace with *Rome*.
He comes, and in his Looks his Joys appear,
Wild with his haſte, to meet his Princeſs here.

Enter Paulinus.

Paul. My *Decius*, my Deliv'rer, oh! my Friend,
Where ſhall my Praiſe and Thanks begin, or end?
My Joys would altogether ſilence break,
But Men ſpeak leaſt, where they have moſt to ſpeak.
Our Eager Words ſtand ſtrugling on the Tongue,
And puſh each other backwards in the Throng.
Where much is due, ſtill mute returns are ſhown,
And Words are needleſs where the Soul is known.
Dec. If any debt but mutual Friendſhip's due,
'Tis I, and only I who owe it you:
You ſet me in the midſt of danger free,
And loſt your Liberty, relieving me.
Now Fortune, to the full, has Cround our Toils,
And all her Charming Face is dreſt in Smiles.

Britain is made to feel the *Roman* Powers,
And both her Beauteous Heireſſes are ours.
Paul. Something unknown, ſtruck with a ſtrange ſurpriſe,
And, deaden'd at the News, my flowing Joys;
Doubt's hang upon me ſtill, which won't remove,
But doubts inſeparably link'd to Love.
Should my *Venutia* for her freedom pine,
Can I have any Comfort left in mine?
While but the Name of Captive ſhe retains,
I ſeem to bend beneath the weight of Chains.
Dec. Methinks you ſhould not to your Priſoner ſue,
Make her by Manly Love ſubmit to you.
Confine the little God in Fetters now,
And let, for once, inſulting Beauty bow.
Let o're the ſtrugling fair the Net be thrown,
And ſeize, and keep the lovely Prize your own.
Paul. That little God laughs at our feeble Power,
The more withſtood, he wounds us ſtill the more.
Men muſt with humble adoration move,
That only works upon the Powers above,
And that alone ſecures ſucceſs in Love.
I know the generous *Decius* will incline
His Heart to favour the deſires of mine.
Their freedom to the Charming Pris'ners grant,
Which, 'till reſtor'd them, I my ſelf muſt want.
Dec. What, will you then draw back, when Fortune ſtands
Stretching her Bleſſings out with both her Hands?
She is not often fond, and once refus'd,
She will not be the ſecond time abus'd.
If preſently not ſeiz'd, ſhe does not ſtay,
But flies, for ever, with diſdain away.
Snatch at her Favours while her Front's in view,
If paſt you once, you will in vain purſue:
Thoſe Minutes ſhe vouchſafes to ſmile, improve;
She gave you Conqueſt, and ſhe ſhows you Love.
Paul. I'le take the bleſt occaſion, ſhe ſhall ſee,
Her kindneſs ſhall not be abus'd by me.
I'le go, and to my Love my homage pay,
At her dear Feet her proffer'd Freedom lay,
And ſhow, that ſhe ſtill reigns, and I obey.

Dec. You

Dec. You ſtill are on your own deſtruction bent,
But I muſt ſtop you in the ſteep deſcent.
Our Wars are at a happy period now,
And *Britain* muſt to Conqu'ring *Cæſar* bow:
By their Releaſe, ſhe would again revive,
And their faint hopes would ſtill be kept alive;
The War again begun, will never ceaſe,
And now at pleaſure we may make our Peace.
Nor will your Love a better Fortune know,
While they regard you as their mortal Foe,
And the proud Queen rejects and treats you ſo.
Paul. Then I have try'd too far, too far, I fear,
The Friendſhip, which I thought like mine ſincere.
Had I been put, by you, to ſuch a Teſt,
I ſhould not have refus'd the ſmall requeſt.
Dec. Stretch it to any proof excepting this,
I cannot grant, nor you demand amiſs;
In ought beſides your boundleſs Intereſt uſe,
This is the only thing I can refuſe.
Urge it no more, my Friend.
Paul. Suppoſe it done,
This very thing which you except alone,
Suppoſe your Priſoner's freed.
Dec. I'le not ſuppoſe,
What in a Friend ſo baſe, and Monſtrous ſhows,
And know it was not in the power of Foes.
Paul. 'Tis not your Foe has done it, they are free,
And your Conſent unqueſtion'd, freed by me.
This ſingle Tryal will your Truth aſſure,
And 'tis not much for Friendſhip to endure.
Dec. O Gods! ſhould any other Man but he,
Unpuniſh'd, tempt me to the laſt degree?
Believe my Friendſhip now ſincere and true,
To ſhow how much it makes me bear from you,
One of the Siſters was my Miſtreſs too.
Paul. But not the ſame with mine?
Dec. No, not the ſame,
But one I love with as entire a Flame.
Together you, your own, and mine, betray,
And drive what both deſire, at once away.

Paul. They are not gone, not yet, but hither bent,
They come, at my desire, for your Consent.
When you the Charming mournful Beauties see,
And are the Lover you pretend to be,
You will prevent my Wish, and ask Consent of me.
Cask. Furies and Hell! could ought that's worse befall?
Now the storm rises that will wrack us all.
How fatal may this Ominous meeting prove? [*Aside.*
But, what could ever better come of Love?
Plague seize 'em, choak them Pestilential Air;
Hell swallow them, let them make mischief there.
Had he took my Advice to let them go,
All had been well; let Heav'n look to it now.
Dec. Run, stop them, *Caska*,——stop them quick—but stay,
I'le haste, and send them with dispatch away.
Their Liberty you need no longer fear, [*Going out.*
They're free to go, come any where—— but here.
Paul. Hold, neither of you stirs; for I must see *Venutia*, e're my self will set her free. } *struggling with both.*
Dec. I'le send your Mistress to you; Love is grown
So strong in me, so high the Flame is blown,
It makes me fearful to behold my own. } *gets loose, and is going out.*
Paul. See! they are here already; at the view
Of mine, methinks that I grow fearful too,
Whom Custom should embolden more than you.

Enter Boadicea, Camilla, Venutia, Fabian.

Bo. Have our remorseless Fates, in all their Store,
More Mischiefs still? or can we suffer more?
Why come we hither? do your Hearts relent?
Or can a *Roman* of his Crimes Repent?
Rather, insultingly you go to tread
On the sad Ruins which your selves have made.
To spurn your wretched Prey, already torn,
First show your Cruelty, and then your Scorn.
Paul. Oh! stop not, why? speak, why are we accus'd?
How have we guilty been, or you abus'd?

Your

Your looks and words run through me, and I feel
Something fore-boding ſome unheard of ill.
Your Sighs have ſhook my Heart, the drops that roll
Down your ſwollen Breaſt, diſtill upon my Soul.
Oh! ſtop not; once again unlock your Tongue,
Produce the Villain, and proclaim your wrong.
Why Reigns that Royal Sorrow on your Brow?
Why do thoſe Tears ſo prodigally flow?
What is the cauſe of this ſo ſolemn Woe?

Bo. Are our Inhuman Wrongs unknown to you?
But ſure they are, ſince you are injur'd too.
We have no Wrongs, no Sufferings to deplore,
But you, unhappy you, alone, have more;
Your ſharing in our Woes, your Fame ſecures,
For all our Miſeries are doubly yours.

Paul. Oh, all ye Gods! rack me not thus with doubt,
Let, quickly let the fatal Secret out.
What impious Villain durſt your Wrongs deſign?
And how? Oh! tell me, are your Sufferings mine?
Speak but his Name, pronounce it in a word,
And you ſhall be reveng'd with Fire and Sword.

Bo. Hear then; to raiſe your Fury far above
All vulgar Rage; hear of your Raviſh'd Love.
Already Fir'd? Stay 'till my ſtory end;
Stay 'till you know her Raviſh'd by your Friend; *Pointing to Decius.*
There ſtands the Fiend, there let your Rage deſcend.

Paul. My Miſtreſs? *[Drawing.*

Bo. Yes, your Miſtreſs.

Paul. And by this?
Raviſh'd by this Friend here?

Bo. Yes, *Roman*, yes.
Her whom he late demanded in thy Name,
Her has he forc'd to quench his impious Flame,
And drown'd her Honour in eternal Shame.

Dec. You are not wrong'd, hold yet, and hear me ſpeak,
She raves, and I muſt clear her mad miſtake.

Caska *enters with Souldiers, who thruſt between them.*

Paul. Off, Slaves; you'l later ſeize the Thund'rer's Hand,
Advancing to diſcharge the flaming Brand.

Dec. Go

Dec. Go, somewhere else, your savvy aid afford,
Think you that I can fear a single Sword?
From you, because you were my Friend, I'le bear
This rude Assault; dispel your jealous fear,
And drive away your doubts, if you will hear.
Paul. Doubts? by the Gods despair, distraction, Death,
Hell's kindled in me, and my pois'nous Breath,
Shall blast and send thee to the Shades beneath.
Ven. Hold, my lov'd *Roman*, if I've yet a part,
[*Thrusting between them.*
Or any power o're that disloyal Heart.
Hold, I conjure you, my *Paulinus*, hold,
And wait but 'till our Tragick Scene unfold.
Paul. If you have any part? why don't you see,
That all this Rage and Vengeance is for thee?
Can you your self your barbarous Wrongs forgive?
Can you desire your Ravisher should live?
Ven. I suffer'd not the Rape, your much lov'd Life
Was my sole fear in this unequal strife.
Cam. But I —unhappy I—— Confusion——Shame,
Suppress my Words, and choak me at the Name. [*Swoons.*
Paul. Look to the Princess there? Oh! barbarous Man,
What can repair thy Crimes? sure nothing can.
What shall I call thee now? Oh! what can be
A Title base, or foul enough for thee?
Thou Fiend!
Ven. Thou Monster
Cam. [*recovering*] Ravisher.
Paul. Barbarian.
Bo. Roman.
Paul. Survey your Ravish'd Love, and ruin'd Friend,
And think, Oh! think, where can our Miseries end?
Rome's glory now, no longer seems divine,
And thou, to further this, this damn'd Design,
Hast took no Name, oh! Gods no Name --but mine.
Oh! this a bhorr'd, this execrable deed,
Will make our wounded Fame for ever Bleed;
In all our Annals, thou shalt stand accurst,
A second *Tarquin*, blacker than the first.

Alive

Alive deteſted, unlamented dead,
Mention'd with Curſes, and with Horror read.
Dec. I thank you; once my ſoft'ning Soul begun
To melt, and ready Tears prepar'd to run:
But thy Reproaches fire me with Diſdain,
And Indignation ſets me right again.
Becauſe I wrong'd thee Firſt, I Firſt forgive,
And ſince thou wert my Friend, I let thee live.
Let when you will the Captive Women go,
I have no farther Buſineſs with them now.
Again I'll hunt them o'er the duſty Plain,
And make them when I pleaſe my own again.
Bo. Away, my wretched Daughters, let's away } *Exit. cum*
My ſickning Soul abhors a longer ſtay, } *ſuis.*
Where the curſt Scene of all our Sorrows lay.
Paul. Yet 'ere, you go, the doubtful War ſuſpend,
Let the dire Hate of *Rome* and *Britain* end.
I'll march the ſmall Remainder of my Powers,
And muſter up my Troops to joyn with yours,
Together, we may make the Villain bow,
Who is too Strong, alas! for Juſtice now.
With force united, cruſh and daſh him Dead,
And ſhoot at once our Vengeance on his Head.
Bo. After our Sufferings Peace? No *Roman*, no; }
'Till Stars forbear to ſhine, and Seas to flow, }
'Till Billows ceaſe to toſs, when Tempeſt blow.
'Till Fire, and Water, Heaven, and Hell unite,
And Day is ſwallowed in Eternal Night;
Till all Things to their Diſſolutions come;
Britain, ſhall know no Peace with barbarous *Rome*,
Oh! ſee us Heav'n! with mortal ſufferings ſpent, (*Kneeling.*)
And let at laſt, your angry Powers relent.
Behold us Earth, and ſay you never bore,
Three Wretches, ſo Forlorn and loſt before.
Sure, when our Story in an After-Age
Is repreſented on the Tragick Stage,
No Savage Eyes their ſtruggling Tears ſhall keep;
But for our Woes the whole ſad Audience weep. [*Exit. cum*
Paul. Hither I came with a tranſported Heart, *ſuis.*
Now, with a Soul quite ſunk with Grief, depart.

My Woes fall thick, and my diſtracted Breaſt,
With a ſad Load of deadly Sorrow preſt,
Never, oh! never muſt admit of Reſt.
My future Life, not the leaſt Bliſs ſhall boaſt,
But mourn a luckleſs Love for ever loſt.
I thought to've found her full of laughing Joys,
A Thouſand Cupids dancing in her Eyes;
But, oh! ye Gods! to my amazing Fears,
I found thoſe Eyes drown'd in a Flood of Tears;
I thought but now, my Love might beſt be ſhown,
Making her Liberty again her own.
But this unthought of Chance, this, Headlong Fall
Has worſe, far worſe than ever, ruin'd all.
Thus, the wrack'd Mariner a while will ſtrive,
With all his Skill in ſwimming to ſurvive:
In hopes, like mine, of better Fate in ſtore,
Who, when he juſt has reach'd the wiſh'd for Shore,
Stretching his Arms to faſten on the Coaſt,
Is by ſome ſuddain Wave, daſh'd back and loſt. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to the City of* Verulam.

Enter Caſſibelan, *ſolus.*

Caſſ. THE Morning flutters on the Mountain's Top,
And Riſing Faulcon-like, goes towering up.
The ſmoaking Miſts, and ſteaming Vapours, flie;
And Stars, in ſtronger Light, grow dim and die.
Small Streaks at firſt, the bluſhing Skies betray,
Then ruſhes on a-pace the ſpringing Day.
And yet it lends us but a glimm'ring Light,
Nor willingly ſucceeds the diſmal Night.

When

When Ghoſts in ſcreaming Swarms were ſeen to fly,
When Tempeſts toſs'd the troubled Ocean high,
And Peals of Thunder tore the flaming Sky,
I dream'd (the while I ſlept) of Murders, Rapes,
A Thouſand Horrours, in a Thouſand Shapes.
I ſaw, methoughts, my Love with ruffled Hair,
Her Robes all torn her, panting Boſom bare;
By Heav'n ſhe comes, oh! my prophetick Fears,
O welcome to my Soul; but why in Tears?
[*To* Camilla *entring.*
How came you hither; Speak, and eaſe my Pain,
No Matter how; ſince you are here again.

Cam. Claſp me not, Prince, with this ſo kind Embrace,
Nor keep your Eyes fix'd on my ſhameful Face.
Oh! give me not, this dear, fond welcome Home,
Which you will grudge, when you know, how I come.
Curſe the vaſt Ranſome I was forc'd to pay,
And drive me from you with diſdain away.

Caſſ. I cannot grudge a Ranſome you could give,
One only; which you would not loſe to live.
I cannot think that Treaſure ever giv'n:
I know thee true, I know thee, chaſt as Heav'n.

Cam. Heav'n may be forc'd; did not the Giants once
Aſſault the Sky, and ſcale the Sacred Sconce?
Think where I've been; oh! think, unhappy Prince,
Since you return'd, think what I've ſuffer'd ſince.
Betray'd to all the Wrongs a Maid can bear,
Which you, unhappy, you who love me, ſhare.
Look on your ſelf, poor Prince—but oh! to ſee
The greateſt Wretch now living, look on me.
To tell you more; ev'n injur'd Virtue's loth,
One Helliſh Act, one Fiend has ruin'd both.

Caſſ. The Thunder grumbl'd long, before it fell,
But now it drives me to the loweſt Hell.
Tho' Death to Miſeries like mine is due,
Yet I will live, my Love, to comfort you;
Your Tears, within your ſwelling Eye-Lids keep;
You wreck my Soul the more, the more you weep.

Oh! keep thoſe Gales, thoſe Guſts of Sighs ſuppreſt,
Repoſe your Sorrows in your Lover's Breaſt,
Lull in my Arms, your anxious Cares to reſt.

Cam. Thou deareſt, beſt of Lovers, lovelieſt Youth,
How ſhall I recompence thy matchleſs Truth?
I've been abus'd even to the laſt degree,
Thou too haſt been abus'd; — tho' not by me.
Oh! ſhould you think, that e'er my Soul agreed,
Or e'er conſented to the ſinful Deed;
That, that alas! would double all I bear,
Drive me to Madneſs, plague me with deſpair,
Plunge me in Hell, hotter than Fiends have there.

Caſſ. By Heav'n I know you chaſte, the Wrongs you bore,
Serve only to endear you to me more.
My Paſſion is the ſame; the ſame my Heart,
Of which you have not loſt the ſmalleſt Part.
Rather with quicker Beatings, feel it move,
And ſtruggle to you with redoubled Love.
I love You, by the Gods, to that exceſs,
Which even no Love-ſick Poet can expreſs.
Thou wert the deareſt Health I had to boaſt,
And Life, in loſing thee, was almoſt loſt.
But ſince the Gods indulgently reſtore,
And give thee back; I can but prize thee more,
And ſtrive to keep thee better than before.

Cam. Sure this unimitable Goodneſs can
Spring only from a God; oh more than Man!
Here, in this Kiſs, my Prince, receive my Soul,
That ſtill was thine, that ſtill is pure, and whole.
Oh! hear me, hear me Gods! if e'er I prove
Ingrateful to this World of wondrous Love;
May I live ever branded with the Name,
I dare not mention for the killing Shame.

Caſſ. Gods! 'tis too much for Man, ſuch Charms as thine,
Have, as they merit, an effect Divine.
While thro' thy Lips the murmuring Accents break,
I liſten with belief that Angels ſpeak.
Each Word with ſubtle Force a Paſſage gains,
Runs thro' my Blood, and dances in my Veins.

Speak;

Speak, till I ſtop you with an eager Kiſs, (*Embracing*)
Your Tongue ſhou'd know no ſtop--but this——and this.
Your Lips are ſtill the ſame, my Heavenly Dear,
I taſte no Raviſher, no *Roman* here.
Since thy tranſporting Sweets continue ſuch,
He got but little———Yet he got too much.
I wou'd not loſe one Look, one Touch of thee,
Tho' ſtill the Rapture was reſerv'd for me.

Cam. Revenge me, Prince, 'Tis all I live for now,
Let ſudden Vengeance ſtrong Affection ſhow.
Gods! give the Villain to me; let him ſtand
Within the reach of this remorſeleſs Hand:
I'd ſet him on the Rack, and ſee him ply'd
With Fire and Sword, long tortur'd 'ere he dy'd.
His Soul and Body at a Tread I'd cruſh,
Spurn him, oh! ſpurn him; tear him, tear him thus.
[*Spurns the Ground, and tears her Hair.*

Caſſ. Forbear, thou injur'd Innocence, forbear,
And leave your Vengeance to your Lover's Care.
If Heaven is not of all its Gods bereft,
Or if in Men there's any Valour left,
I will revenge; let, quickly let me know
The Villain's Name; 'tis all I ſtay for now.
What need I ask? *Paulinus?*

Cam. No: 'Twas he
Who pitying our Misfortunes, ſet us free.
But *Decius:* —— curſe upon the Monſter's Name,
He wrought our Woes, and my eternal Shame.

Caſſ. Enough: my violated Saint, adieu,
I cannot loiter longer ev'n with you.
Now from my Breaſt let all Remorſe be fled,
I'll wade thro' Blood, and trampling o'er the dead,
Return in Triumph with the Villain's Head. *Going out.*

Cam. Hold yet——though you ſo nobly can forgive,
Nay love me too; yet ought not I to live?
I dare not truſt my Fame to future Times
So far as to ſurvive the Monſters Crimes.
See this — ye Gods! had this been mine before
I had not been alive that fatal Hour,
But put my ſelf above the Conqueror's Power. *Drawing a Dagger.*

Re-

Remember me, my Love, and now adieu,
And in my Death believe me chaſtly true.
Nay, come not near me; by my Wrongs I ſtrike
The ſooner if you do.
Caſſ. I'll do the like: [*Drawing his Sword.*
By Heaven we'll go together; if you go,
I'll ſecond: By th' Gods, prevent your Blow.
Live, or I die.
[*They throw down their Weapons, and run, and embrace.*
Cam. Hold, my dear Prince, to give,
The greateſt ſign of Love; I'll live, I'll live.
The wondrous force of Woman's Paſſion ſee,
Since I, in rigid Vertue's ſpight, can be
Content to live in Infamy with thee.
Caſſ. Oh! Extaſie of Love, oh! Heaven of bliſs,
All this thou art; and who wou'd part with this?
In thy ſweet Lips my raviſh'd Soul I'll drown,
Waſh off the *Roman* taſte, and leave my own.
Cam. Take yet another Love; and now away;
Our Vengeance will not let thee longer ſtay,
But drives thee to begin the dreadful Day.
Caſſ. (*Embracing*) Oh! thou haſt fir'd me; all my Blood (boils high;
Thou temper'ſt me like Thunder in the Skie,
Mak'ſt me too hot to hold, then let'ſt me flie.
No longer, righteous Powers, your Aid refuſe,
Or give me, Gods! the Bolts you will not uſe.
Lend me, ye Furies, your Infernal Brands;
And wreath your Snakes round my revengeful Hands.
In his curs'd Breaſt I'll kindle all your Hell;
Revenge! Revenge! —Farewel, my Love, farewel. [*Exit.*

Camilla, *ſola.*

And canſt thou weep, and let this Water fall?
For Miſeries, like thine, muſt this be all?
No, let thy Griefs to raging Tempeſts riſe,
Burſt thy ſwoll'n Breaſt with thy tumultuous Sighs,
And roar for Vengeance to regardleſs Skies.

Looſe

Looſe to the Winds toſs thy diſhevell'd Hair, [*Throws abroad her Hair, and tears open her Clothes.*
Tear off thy Robes, thy woful Boſom bare,
Seem what thou art, Diſtraction and Deſpair.
Now rear thy Hand at Heaven, and curſe thy Birth,
Now grovel on the Ground, and grow to Earth. [*Throws herſelf down.*
Here lie--and rage, and rave, and weep, and howl;
Show (if thou can'ſt) the Torture of thy Soul.
The Dagger! ——have I got thee once again?
This (if I durſt) might eaſe my mortal Pain.
But ſo a double Vengeance wou'd enſue,
For my *Caſſibelan* will periſh too.
O! wou'd I cou'd run mad —— my Brain turns faſt ——
I feel it whirle —— and ſhall run mad at laſt.
Break my poor Heart, turn my diſtemper'd Brain,
Start Eye-Balls from your Spheres ——
And never let me ſee the Light again.

Enter Boadicea.

Bo. Poor Girl; what on the Ground? Lie ſtill, my Child;
Thy Looks, and all thy Words are juſtly wild.
Lie ſtill, and I will lie beſide thee down,
Contemplating on Earth, diſdain a Crown.
Alas! the proudeſt of us is a piece
Of this vile Dirt; and where's the pride of this?

Cam. True, Royal Mother, and unhappy I,
Am viler than the Duſt on which we lie.
Here let me take the Meaſure for my Grave;
'Tis all I hope that I ſhall ſhortly have.

Bo Way to ſuch Thoughts as theſe you ſhall not give:
No Daughter, you ſhall be reveng'd, and live.
Our Troops are by your furious Lover led,
Who looks like *Jove* (when thundering) at their head.
I came to find you, leſt exceſs of Grief,
Shou'd make you run to Death to meet Relief.
I heard you moan; one while your Voice was faint,
And ſoftly murmur'd out your ſad Complaint:
Then riſing to a bold and angry Strain,
You ſpoke, as might expreſs extremeſt Pain.

Like

Like troubl'd Seas your noble Rage wrought high,
And mounting menac'd the relentleſs Sky.
Gods! cruel Gods! Oh tell me! do you know
Theſe Suff'rings, do ye ſee this Pomp of Woe?
Sure if you did, your Light'ning wou'd be driv'n
To ſhow the Juſtice of Offended Heav'n.
But ye are Gods; and living at your Eaſe,
You care not whether Earth has War or Peace.

Cam. With all the Pains of Hell my Soul is torn,
Oppreſt with Woes too mighty to be born,
So high my Paſſion is, my Pangs ſo ſtrong,
That ſure they cannot now continue long.
The Tempeſt rages with ſo fierce a Blaſt,
'Tis grown too violent and hard to laſt.

Bo. Oh! let me calm thy Sorrows with my Tears;
Speak, ſay thou wilt not die, and eaſe my Fears.
On thy wrack'd Breaſt, my much-wrong'd Child, I'll pour
Theſe gentle Drops, and this refreſhing Show'r.
Thus weeping o'er thee, with this falling Rain,
Lull thy ſad Griefs and lay the Storm again.
Thus claſp thee to thy mournful Mother's Breaſt,
And fold thee in theſe well-known Arms to reſt.

Cam. Fly; leſt ye be infected with my Woe;
For all that touches me, muſt needs be ſo.
Both by the Gods and Fates I ſtand accurſt;
It was my Wrongs that made you wretched firſt.
My Loſs has made you poor, my fatal Fall
Pull'd univerſal Ruine on us all.

Bo. Once more, my Child, raiſe your ſad Spirits up;
Like Flow'rs, you are not faded, tho' you droop.
Your Charms are ſtill the ſame; the bluſhing Roſe
Tho' ſhrunk with Wet, next Sun-ſhine will diſcloſe
Her op'ning Sweets, and ſmiling, ſhow ſhe grows.
Your Beauty flouriſhes in perfect Bloom,
And happy Days roll on in haſte to come:
Your Wrongs your gen'rous Prince's Flame improve,
And his Compaſſion has encreas'd his Love.
Relenting Heav'n decrees your Suff'rings o'er,
Doubles your Bleſſings for th' Abuſe you bore;
Shall one black Day dawn all the White in ſtore.

En-

Enter Venutia

Ven. The Priests are ready, and *Arabian* Gums
Have scented all the Fane with rich Perfumes.
By Sacred strokes the several Victims fell,
And all the several Entrails boded well.
Your Anger in your Royal Looks I see,
And am afraid you are enrag'd at me.

Bo. Yes, Rebel Daughter, yes, at last I know
Your impious Love for our inveterate Foe:
But by my just resentments, e'er you joyn
With any Monster of the *Roman* Line;
E'er Heaven or Earth shou'd see a Match like this,
I'll take your Life, did I not hope for his.
Rise, my *Camilla*, rise; the *Druids* wait,
And now they open wide the Temple-gate.
Prayers, Tears, and Sacrifice shall Heaven atone,
Importunately prostrate at their Throne,
With holy Force we'll pull their Vengeance down.

Scene draws, and discovers Temple

The Scene draws, and discovers a Temple. The Queen, with the two Princesses go and kneel at the Altar, while two Druids *sing the following Song.*

SONG.

1 Druid. *PRepare our Altar, make it clean*
With Blood of Oxen newly slain.
Burn our Incense, place it high,
And let the grateful Perfumes flie
In curling Smoak, and cloud the Skie.

2 Druid. *Throw now the strugling Victims on,*
Press, press him hard, and keep him down:
Pierce his Sides deep, and let them pour
Into your Golden Bowls their Gore,
'Till they can shed, can bleed no more.

1 Druid. *Now all kneel with me, kneel around,*
With Adoration kiss the Ground.

Pray that the Gods at laſt wou'd bleſs
Our Britiſh *Armies with ſucceſs,*
And all our cruel Wrongs redreſs.

2 Druid. *See, ſee auſpicious Flaſhes riſe,*
Met with like Flaſhes from the Skies. (It Lightens)
We offer'd in a lucky Hour,
The thirſty Flames drink up the Gore,
And now the Victim is no more.

Chorus of both. *Hark, hark, hark, hark, the Battle is begun,*
Now, now the Victors ſhout, the Fight is done,
The Gods are pleas'd, and Conqueſt is our own.

At the end of the Song an Eagle flies into the Temple, and flutters a while about the Flame of the Sacrifice; at laſt falls in, and is burnt.

Bo. I thank you, Gods! for this auſpicious Sign;
So periſh all our Foes: Oh! Powers Divine,
If Royal Knees bow'd at your ſacred Shrine.
If a crown'd Head, wrack'd with unuſual Cares
Can move your Pity; if a Monarch's Pray'rs
Can pierce the Roof of Heaven, and reach your Ears;
If we are Types of you, not plac'd for Show,
But truly your Vicegerents here below;
No longer ſee your ſelves, ye Sacred Powers,
Abus'd in us; your Strength deſpis'd in ours.
Show that Revenge to Heaven alone belongs;
Do Juſtice to your ſelves, and right our Wrongs.
Cam. If, dreadful Gods! a raviſh'd Virgin's Cries
Have ever rais'd Compaſſion in your Skies;
If injur'd Honour, and unhappy Love,
Are the concerns of any Power above;
Oh! now look down, behold a rifled Maid,
Thus proſtrate on your ſacred Pavement laid,
Thus groveling on the Ground, implore your Aid.
See in my Tears my trembling Eye-Balls roll,
And mark the ſad Confuſion of my Soul.

See what a Wretch lies here, how full of Woe,
My Miſeries your Omniſcience needs muſt know,
And Juſtice puniſh him who made me ſo.
Now ſhower your Vengeance on the Villain's Head,
And with ſome dreadful Judgments daſh him dead.

Ven. If ſtreaming Tears from Virgin's Eye-Lids rain'd
Untouch'd by Villain's Hands, in Thought unſtain'd;
If ſuch can make your ſtubborn Pity bow,
And melt you to Compaſſion, ſhow it now.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Caſſibelan *and Soldiers*; Decius *Priſoner. The Queen and her Daughters riſe.*

Caſſ. 'Tis done; Heaven has at laſt its Juſtice ſhown,
And Victory and Vengeance are our own.
Our Fortunes equal with our Wiſhes riſe,
And Bleſſings fall profuſely from the Skies.
Never cou'd *Britain* Nobler Conqueſt boaſt; (*Pointing to*
But this, this Captive Monſter ſwells it moſt. Decius.
Ha! Gods what ails my Love? haſte, haſte and ſave [Camilla
Her Life, or you take back whate'er you gave. *ſwoons.*

Bo. Away, my Soldiers, flie,
And quickly make our wretched Priſoners die.
This Moment let a Thouſand Slaves expire;
Tear them with Racks, ply them with Sword and Fire;
Send them to Fiends beneath, and let them tell,
There comes a greater Fiend than all in Hell.
How fares my lov'd *Camilla?*

Caſſ. Look, my Dear,
See your *Caſſibelan* ſecures you here.
Wipe theſe faint Drops from your fair lovely Brow,
Recal your fleeting Soul for Vengeance now.
Look up; the Triumphs of our Juſtice ſee;
Die not with him, but ſtay and live with me.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers ſeveral Priſoners put to death by ſeveral ſorts of Tortures.

Behold, thou barbarous Wretch, thoſe horrid Scenes, [*To*
View theirs, and dread thy own approaching Pains. Dec.
The Torments they endur'd were ſmall and poor
To thoſe which thou art deſtin'd to endure.
Sharp were their Deaths, but ſhort, and quickly paſt,
Thine ſhall for Hours, and Days, and Ages laſt.

Then ſhall ten thouſand Curſes ſend thy Soul,
Where Fiends in boyling Lakes of Sulphur roll,
And Furies in Eternal Tortures howl.

Dec. Talk not; but ſend me to the threatned Death,
Life is not worth the waſte of *Roman* Breath.
Go, and prepare the Rack, the Sword, the Flame,
With all the Cruelty Revenge can frame.
Conſult your bloodieſt Miniſters of Rage,
And ſearch the Records of the bloodieſt Age.
To make it crueller than Man can do,
Conſult exaſperated Woman too.
Such ſhall my Courage in my Suff'rings be,
My Patience ſuch, you ſhall aſtoniſh'd ſee
How unconcern'd a *Roman* Soldier dares,
Embrace his Fate whatever Form it wears. [*Is led off.*

Bo. Here let the Triumphs of our Iſle begin,
This happy Day makes me once more a Queen.
Our Vengeance ſure, and Victory compleat;
What greater Bleſſings cou'd we beg from Fate?
Now, on our Foes, juſt Heav'n begins to frown,
Thy Wrongs, *Camilla*, bring their Vengeance down.
For ever, ſhall the Day by them be curs'd
When with raſh Hands thy Chaſtity was forc'd.
From us the Anger of the Gods is fled,
Thou turn'ſt it all on their devoted Head.
Now, let the Joys of of *Britain* know no bound,
But all our Hills, and Shoars, and Seas reſound,
And Winds upon their Wings, waft the glad Tidings round.
Io! Britannia, be the general Cry,
Io! Britannia, eccho to the Sky. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Venutia *ſola.*

Ven. In what a maze of Fate, poor Mortals tread?
Blind Wretches, by as blind a Fortune led.
What have we ſuffer'd from malignant Powers?
And how deplorable a State is ours?
Some dawn of Comfort ſhines thro' all this Ill,
To find my Dear *Paulinus* faithful ſtill,
Much from his Colleague's Guilt, my Siſter bore;
But had the Guilt been his; I'd ſuffer'd more. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Paulinus *ſolus.*

Paul. With what a Load of Vengeance am I curſt!
Yet Fortune ſeems not to have done her worſt.
Venutia's Safety ſhows ſome dawn of Joy,
But ſtill a diſmal Cloud o'er-caſts my Sky.
Her Siſter's Suffrings cut off all Relief,
Nor can ſhe now in Honor eaſe my Grief.
Damn'd Villain! —— but the God's thy Crimes purſue,
Thy Death muſt expiate them—if Death can do.
The rolling Stone, or whirling Wheel wou'd be
A Puniſhment too ſmall, and light for thee.
The much-wrong'd *Britain's* juſt Revenge prepare,
What art thou here? exempted from thy Share?
Then Heav'n is juſt by halves. [*To* Caska *entring.*

Cask. Heav'n takes its due;
So let it, wou'd but you do Juſtice too.
Think what vaſt Matters on your Arms depend,
And give not Fate the leiſure to deſcend,
But ſuccour, as you ought, your dying Friend.

Paul. Death, and Damnation, be his ſudden Doom,
Fiends tear him; Furies drag him to his Tomb.
Of all Mankind wou'd you have me redeem
The Monſter? me relieve a Wretch like him?
Who, in uſurping my much injur'd Name,
With all the baſeſt Treach'ry Hell cou'd frame,
Ruin'd my Love, and ſully'd all my Fame.

Cask. Mark who deſtroys your Fame, when you deny
To fight; and tamely let your Colleague die;
When you ſtand here, and ſee him meet his Doom;
How will you anſwer that, to Fame, and *Rome?*

Paul. Is it for you to ask? No Matter how,
'Tis *Cæſar* only has the Right to know.

Cask. Yet hear me; ſince your Honour cannot move,
think, and think quickly; who deſtroys your Love.

For

For know, when *Decius* ſhall reſign his Breath,
That Hour you raſhly yield him up to Death;
Know that *Caſſibelan* ſhall then be led
The joyful Bridegroon to *Venutia*'s Bed.
Paul. Ha! What? and when?
Cask. That Hour that *Decius* dies,
Ruins all yours, and crowns the Prince's Joys.
Paul. You rave; meer Riddles, Riddles.
Cask. Truſt your Fate;
You'll find a ſad Repentance come too late.
Paul. Where is *Camilla* then?
Cask. Why? dead; ſhe play'd,
The *Roman*, as became a raviſh'd Maid.
Her laſt Deſires, forc'd the poor Prince to vow
Love to her Siſter, which he pays her now.
The Queen, and Court, improve her dying Prayer,
At once —— the Funeral and the Nuptial Torch prepare,
Leſt *Britain* ſhould be left without an Heir.
Paul. Ha! ſure it cannot be, it is not true;
All muſt be falſe that ever comes from you.
This may be falſer than thy ſelf.
Cask. It may,
Believe it not, nor go to fight, but ſtay,
And with his Life, throw your own Love away.
Death to a *Roman* is not ſuch a Curſe,
But ſtill the loſs of Love is Millions worſe.
Paul. What ſhall I think? it may, or may not be;
But if it is; Heav'ns! What becomes of me?
Perhaps 'tis his Device, ſome Fetch from Hell,
But who will venture where he loves ſo well?
Cask. Nay, do not muſe; reſolve on ſomething ſtrait,
You have not time to dally with your Fate.
The Day wears faſt, the rolling Hours ride Poſt,
And Opportunity will ſoon be loſt.
Paul. Or true, or falſe, no Devil can deſign,
Contrive, or lay a Plot to match with thine.
Nothing till now, could jealous Thoughts ſuggeſt,
Which your curſt Engines kindle in my Breaſt,
And rolling Wild-Fire-like deſtroy my Reſt.

March once more to the Field, ye Pow'rs Divine! [*To the*
How hard and intricate a Task is mine? *Soldiers.*
Compell'd at once by ſo perplex'd a Fate,
To ſave the Maid I love, and Man I hate. [*Exit with*
Manet Caska *ſolus.* *Soldiers.*

Cask. When Honour, Intereſt, Hell and Vengeance fail'd,
A Woman (as I knew ſhe would) prevail'd.
It could have been by nought but Woman done.
Woman, who firſt brought all theſe Miſchiefs on.
Now, let all Plagues on Love-ſick Fools be thrown,
If any Plague is greater than their own.
None with their Follies would their Thoughts perplex,
If all, like me, could underſtand the Sex.
Falſe is their Grief, diſſembl'd is their Joy;
This Minute kind, and the next Moment coy.
They ſlight, when woo'd; yet ev'n, tho' ſlighted, wooe;
Fly when we follow, when we fly, purſue.
Looſe are their Thoughts, yet all their Words reſerv'd;
By their own Pride, their own Deſires are ſtarv'd.
Their Faces and their Soul's were form'd to cheat;
Their Air, and Mien, and Actions are Deceit.
Caſt Pride and Baſeneſs, Treachery and Shame
Up in one Word, and Woman is the Name. [*Exit* Caska.

Scene changes to the City. An Alarm. Enter Boadicea. Camilla *with Soldiers.*

Bo. Our Armies move like Clouds beneath the Skies,
At whoſe firſt Clath th'impriſon'd Light'ning flies.
Our Fields are cover'd with the *Roman* Pow'rs,
And Stones from batt'ring Engines ſtorm our Tow'rs,
Abroad, the *Britiſh* Youth in Battle falls;
At home, the thund'ring Rams o'erthrow the Walls.
Sharp Javelins now come ſinging o'er the Plain,
And mingling Troops the deſp'rate Fight maintain.
Fly, fly, my Soldiers, with a freſh Recruit,
Where *Britain* faints beneath the fierce Diſpute. [*To the*
Ruſh with Reſerves to every ſtagg'ring Troop; *Soldiers.*
Drive with new force the broken Squadrons up.
Suſtain this ſingle Day their dreadful Pow'r,
And *Rome* ſhall never give us Battle more.

Cam.

Cam. Follow your God-like Leader to the Field,
And throw your selves around him as a Shield.
Let him not spur too fiercely thro' the War:
Let not his Vengeance urge him on too far.
Still where he strives to pierce, his Steps pursue,
Watch all his Motions, keep him full in View,
And fight for him as he has fought for you.
With your own Lives his sacred Life redeem,
Or you, and I, and all are lost in him. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Bo. Once more, thus low, to you great Gods! I bow.
Oh! see our Wars at their sad Upshot now. (*kneeling.*
See all things here in wild Confusion hurl'd:
See *Britain* grappling for her little World.
Once more, relenting Heav'n! look down in Smiles,
And bless once more these late-lov'd happy Isles.
Now guide our Arms, ye Gods! direct our Sword;
This joyful Day let *Britain* be restor'd;
And save the Nation where you're most ador'd. *Exit.*

Cam. Thus low, low as the Ground that gave me Birth
(And oh, that I cou'd sink beneath the Earth:) (*Kneeling.*
Thus low, I beg you, if the Fates design
The Fall of *Britain*; still, ye Pow'rs Divine!
Tho' you reject her Prayers, refuse not mine.
I beg no Conquest in the Bloody Strife;
No Crown, no Kingdom, but my Prince's Life.
Save him, oh save him, 'midst those loud Alarms;
Restore him living to these longing Arms:
I'll force him with me to some peaceful Shore
Where he shall hear the Sound of Wars no more. [*Exit.*

The Alarm continues. Scene changes to a Prison.
Enter Decius *as from it.*

Dec. Hark! 'tis the wish'd for Clash of *Roman* Swords,
The Noise of War some Hopes of Life affords.
I'm glad once more to grasp thee; and depend
On thee; 'tis thou must be my chiefest Friend. [*To his Sword.*
I've knock'd my Fetters off, my Goaler slain,
And am (methinks) all *Roman* once again.
O! for some *British* Soldier now to slay,
And in his Armour go unknown away.

Ha!

Ha! here comes one; turn, and your life reſign,
You could not fall by nobler hands than mine.
Enter Caska *in Britiſh Armour. Kill'd as he enters.*
Cask. Oh! *Decius*, what, what has thy raſhneſs done?
O! Death and Hell! I find my Life is gone. [*Falls.*
What more cou'd my malignant Fortunes do,
At once, with me, ſhe ſheds her Bane on you.
Dec. O! curſt, curſt fatal Error, damn'd Decree
Of ſpiteful Fates, to make you fall by me. [*Kneeling by him*
Curſe on my haſte in making ſure a Foe;
Curſe on my blindneſs that believ'd you ſo.
If Heaven this one Advantage will reſign,
And ſpare your Life, I'll gladly offer mine.
Why was this moſt unhappy Armour born?
Why was this damn'd, this fatal Habit worn?
Speak, and ſome Comfort to your *Decius* give,
Say, have you any hopes? and can you live?
Cask. Tis done, this hurry of a Life is paſt,
And Death's cold Hand creeps o'er my Eye-Lids faſt.
Thus in a moment my Deſigns are croſt,
And all my brave ambitious Projects loſt.
Living I ſtill deny'd; but dying prove
That more than Human Wiſdom rules above. [*Dies.*
Dec. What can the Gods by this Miſchance deſign?
Or is thy Death the ſad Preſage of mine?
Diſtractedly my Thoughts begin to roll,
And ſomething wondrous horrid, ſhocks my Soul.
A guilty Conſcience ſhoots its angry Sting;
A guilty Conſcience! is there ſuch a thing?
Yes Heaven! I feel my very Heart-ſtrings bleed
And wiſh undone that execrable Deed.
From unhurt Skies our Crimes, like Darts rebound,
And on the Wretch who ſhot them, turn the Wound.
My Spirits faint, yet I will rouze them up,
Death is the worſt, Death cannot make me droop.
Let them purſue Revenge with Fire and Blood,
I'll periſh as a *Roman* Soldier ſhou'd.
Enter Caſſibelan.
Ha! art thou here? Of all Mankind I thought
To ſhun thee.
Caſſ. Thee of all Mankind I ſought.

The Gods and I have took the niceſt time,
For the ſevereſt Vengeance of thy Crime.
Thy Tragedy might have been play'd before,
But now ſo near relief, will ſpite thee more;
As ſhipwrack'd Men, who periſh cloſe at Shore.

Dec. Secure within my ſelf unmov'd I ſtand,
And never yet cou'd fear a ſingle Hand:
And yet I wou'd this Fight with thee decline,
Not for the ſafety of my Life, but thine.
I wrong'd thee; to requite it, let thee live;
That Satisfaction's all I have to give.
For tho' my Death ſhou'd from our Strife enſue,
The *Romans* wou'd revenge it ſoon on you.

Caſſ. Come all the *Roman* Legions, and in ſpite
Of their loud Threats, I'll kill thee in their ſight.
And when they find that by my hand you fell [*Fight.* Dec.
They'll ſay you ought not to have dy'd ſo well. *falls.*

Dec. Curſe on my feeble and enervate Arm,
It cou'd not ſtrike with ſtrength enough to harm;
A ſudden numbneſs on its Sinews ſeiz'd,
And let my Rival wound me where he pleas'd.
And yet with pleaſure I reſign my Breath,
Since that has crown'd my Life which caus'd my Death.
All her dear ſweets were mine, the vaſt delight
Seems ſtill to dance before my ſwimming ſight.
I rifled all th' ineſtimable ſtore,
The longeſt Life could have beſtow'd no more,
And dying I rejoyce to leave you poor *Dies.*

Caſſ. Oh! that thou ſhouldſt ſo brave and nobly fall,
Hadſt thou a thouſand Lives I'd have them all,
All for my vaſt revenge, alas! too ſmall.
Thy blood had juſtly been on Scaffolds ſpilt,
Thy End, as baſe, and barb'rous as thy Guilt.
Honour forbids me to purſue my blow,
And not in vain inſult a breathleſs Foe.
Ile think no more —— but haſten to the Fight,
Find out my Love, and periſh in her ſight.
Pour on her balmy Lips my parting Breath,
Look her all o'er, and claſp her cloſe in Death.

Sigh

Sigh out my Soul upon her panting Breaſt,
And with a Paſſion not to be expreſt,
Sink at her Feet into Eternal reſt. } *Exit.*

Trumpets. Enter Paulinus, Fabian, *Soldiers.*

Paul. Make haſte, my Friend, and let the Slaughter ceaſe,
Thro' all the Streets proclaim a general Peace.
Now tell them all our diſmal Wars ſhall end,
And *Britain* ſtill be valu'd as a Friend. [*Exit* Fabian.
Ha! what has Deſtiny had here to do?
What, *Decius?* and his Favourite *Caska* too?
Has Juſtice reach'd you both? Heaven heard my Vow,
And in your Deaths compleats my Conqueſt now.
This is the Palace ſure, 'tis time to move,
To crown my Fortune, and ſecure my Love.

The Queen with both her Daughters appear above; the Queen with a Bowl in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other.

Ha! there ſhe ſtands; Heaven! what a diſmal Scene?
What can this pomp of ſolemn Mourning mean?
What means that Dagger? oh! my bleeding Soul,
What deadly Poiſon fills that Golden Bowl?
Hither, dread Queen, your mournful Aſpect bend,
And ſpeak, oh! ſpeak, what Fate and you intend.

Bo. In me the *Roman* Heroine ſhall be ſeen;
What Fate and I intend, becomes a Queen.
Like Gods, I liv'd, while Gods would let me reign,
Rob'd of my Realms, they leave me Life in vain.
The Blood of Monarchs, circles in their Crown,
Thrones buoy them up, and once dethron'd, they drown.
Sinking I ſtill may chooſe a nobler Doom,
Than to be led a Royal Slave to *Rome.*
When the moſt wretched can reſolve to die,
Moſt of their Miſery's over; here's to try. [*Offers to drink.*

Paul. Hold, hold, dread Queen, and look with Pity down,
Live, and I'll beg you to receive your Crown,
And gladly make your Realms again, your own.
Farther than ever, I'll extend your Sway,
While *Romans*, ſhall like Native Slaves obey.
Entire your vaſt Dominions I'll reſtore,
Exalt your Crown, far higher than before,
While *Cæſars* Friendſhip makes your Greatneſs more.

Bo. Such Reſtauration is my ſingle due,
Can you reſtore my Daughter's Honour too?
Fate in that Caſe can no Relief afford,
That Loſs, alas! can never be reſtor'd.

Paul 'Tis done, look here, and ſee the Villain dead;
Vengeance at laſt, reach'd his devoted Head. } *Pointing*
His flowing Blood waſhes away her Stain, } *to* Decius.
And ſhe, who ſtill was Pure, looks White again.

Cam. Tell me what moſt my bleeding heart would move,
To think of Life; can you reſtore my Love?
If he is in the fatal Battle ſlain,
All Offers elſe to make me live are vain.

Paul. Thrice furiouſly he charg'd the Troops I led,
Thrice I retir'd, to ſhun him, from their Head.
I knew the Woes you felt, the Wrongs you bore,
And would not in his Loſs encreaſe the Score.
But gave my Soldiers in our hotteſt Strife
Strict Orders to preſerve your Prince's Life. [*Shout from within.*

Cam. What mean thoſe Shouts? Infection ſeize the Breath,
And rot the Tongues that ſound my Lover's Death.
Drink Mother, and defie *Barbarian* Power,
Rome has prevail'd, and *Britain* is no more;
Drink, for the Buſineſs of the War is done, }
Caſſibelan, who led our Armies on, }
Caſſibelan, my lov'd *Caſſibelan*, is gone. }

Paul. ſtay I conjure you, I command you ſtay,
I charge you, throw not thus your Lives away.

Bo. In vain, miſtaken Wretch, you threat'ning ſtand,
Command a Queen, with Death at her command?
Roman, I ſhall not yet my Power reſign,
Know, that I Reign, while this, or this is mine. } *Poiſon and*
This makes a vanquiſh'd Queen, amidſt her Woes, } *Dagger.*
Laugh at the Spite of Fate, and Power of Foes. [*Drinks.*

Paul. Run Soldiers, run, I'll ſtrive to ſave my own, }
Batter the Bulwarks with your Bodies down, }
He that preſerves her, has the *Britiſh* Crown.

Bo. Hold; *Boadicea* all your Power defies,
The Moment that you ſtir, *Venutia* dies.
Sure I am more than Empreſs on a Throne,
I rule your Fate together with my own.

Now

Now my *Camilla* pledge the Noble Draught,
And drink as deep as raviſh'd Virgins ought.
Cam. Here's to thoſe happy Seats, thoſe bliſsful Cells,
Where Virtue undiſturb'd in Safety dwells;
Where never Impious Raviſher has been,
And never Barbarous *Roman* enter'd in.
This Draught will make me ſwim in Bliſs above,
And ſend me where I ſoon ſhall meet my Love. [*Drinks.*
Bo. Now do you drink, and haſt with us to Bliſs, [*To* Ven.
Ha! do you ſtart? take either this, or this, [*Dagger or Poiſon.*
Drink with a chearful Look, and noble Mind,
For by my Wrongs you ſhall not ſtay behind.
Paul. Curſe maze of Fate, what ſhall *Paulinus* do?
Make haſte, forlorn, loſt Wretch, and periſh too.
She dies alaſs! if I but dare to ſtir,
If not, ſhe dies; why, die thou then with her.
Draws his Sword and claps it to his Breaſt.
Love, in thy Death, let this thy Comfort be,
I will not live one Moment after thee.
Ven. That wou'd indeed diſpel my Fear, and Pain,
Were we but well aſſur'd to meet again,
But ſure we ſhall; a Hundred Spirits tell,
In Whiſpers that we ſhall; till then farewel.
Paul. Farewel.
She is going to drink, and he to fall on his Sword as
Caſſibelan *enters above, his Breaſt bloody.*
Caſſ. What's here? oh my prophetick Soul!
What have you done my Love? give me the Bowl.
Takes the Bowl from Venutia
Poiſon muſt help, my Wounds are ſlight, and few,
Not deep enough to ſend me hence with you.
I ran on Swords, lay'd ſev'ral *Romans* dead,
Courted my Death, but Death tho' courted fled.
But all their cruel Mercy was in vain,
While in thy Death, oh! Soul of Life, I'm ſlain. [*Drinks.*
Bo. Now 'tis thy turn; nor can'ſt thou now repine, } *Goes to*
Our fleeting Souls muſt needs encourage thine. } *ſtab* Ven.
Caſſ. The Poiſon ſure uſurps your Reaſon's place,
Wou'd you extinguiſh all the Royal Race? } *Snatching the*
Were *Britain* of this Princely Fair bereft, } *Dagger.*
What other Heireſs have our Kingdoms left?

Roman

Roman, this Gift my Gratitude ſhall prove, [*To* Paulinus.
Since you wou'd give me Life, I'll give you Love.

They all deſcend, and appear on the Stage. Paulinus addreſſes himſelf firſt to Caſſ. *then to* Venutia.

Paul. To you, moſt gen'rous Prince, my Thanks are due,
And all the Rapture of my Soul to you.
I have you now, Thanks to propitious Fate,
My Joys are full, and Vict'ry is compleat.
Thou Crown of all my Toils, I ſhou'd not boaſt
The Conqueſt of the World, if thou we'rt loſt.
A mutual Love is in your Looks confeſt;
Soft Longings are in ſhort-breath'd Sighs expreſt,
And murm'ring Words ſpeak Virgin-Paſſion beſt.

Cam. My only Love, in the black Vale of Death
And gloomy Shades which we muſt paſs beneath;
Where nought but Ghoſts appear before our View,
I ſhall draw Courage from the Sight of you.

Caſſ. Thou Life in Death, if ought in Heav'n above
Excels the Bliſs and Extaſie of Love,
Let Gods poſſeſs it, undiſturb'd and free,
And leave me any where poſſeſs'd of thee.

Cam. My Soul is ſick, and all on Fire my Breath;
My dizzy Eyes begin to ſwim in Death.
From thy dear Sight I muſt for ever fly;
But do not, do not leave me till I dy.

Caſſ. Nor then, by Heav'n, if Poyſon will not do,
With Wounds on Wounds I will your Flight purſue,
O'ertake you quick, and be the Guide to you.

Bo. Death claſps me with a cold, but cloſe Embrace
And chill, but heavy Damps o'erſpread my Face.
My fleeting Soul 'twixt two Extremes is loſt,
Now ſcorch'd with Fire, and now benumm'd with Froſt.
Yet in the midſt of all my mortal Pain,
Tho' raging Madneſs ſtrives to tear my Brain,
Honour forbids a Monarch to complain.
Theſe petty Kingdoms let the *Romans* ſhare,
If Heav'n is juſt, I have an Empire there. [*Falls and dies.*

Cam. Poor Mother, art thou fall'n? Farewel, farewel:
So in the Fight my faithleſs Hero fell. [*Raving.*

For

For he, before he periſh'd, grew unkind,
And his poor Love no more poſſeſs'd his Mind.
He call'd me falſe, and perj'd, and forſworn,
Call'd me a Name, oh Gods! that can't be born:
Did you not hear him, Heav'n?
Caſſ. Ye dreadful Pow'rs!
How diſmal and how hard a Fate is ours?
Was there beyond her Death a greater Curſe?
Why ſpeaks ſhe thoſe mad Words that made me worſe?
Look up, my dying Dear.
Cam. Alas, my Love!
My fleeting Soul had almoſt reach'd the Seat
Which Fate has deſtin'd for its laſt Retreat:
But thou haſt call'd me from the dark Deſcent,
And I made haſte 'ere yet thy Voice was ſpent;
While on thy Lips the fault'ring Accents hung,
And the laſt Murmurs trembl'd on thy Tongue.
Caſſ. Oh! be not ſo impatient to be gone;
Hold but a little while, I'll lead thee on.
My Soul, like Wrecks upon the ſwelling Main,
Is now caſt up, and now ſuck'd back again.
Now from my Lips ſhe takes a ſhort Survey
Of vaſt Eternity, repines to ſtay;
But flutters with deſire to fly away.
Cam. Ha! what is this, I feel, ſome Hand unknown [*Raving again.*
Has grip'd me faſt, and ſtrives to puſh me down.
O! ſave me, gracious Gods! a Rape, a Rape!
Is there no Way? none left me to eſcape?
O! let ſome Miracle of Aid be giv'n;
Unhand me *Decius* —— Villain —— help me Heav'n!
Now, now the luſtful Monſter has me faſt;
Heav'n, will you let his loath'd Embraces laſt?
Gods! 'tis a doing now, 'tis done, 'tis paſt.
I'll come when I can 'ſcape from him, I'll come,
To tell you all the monſtrous Crimes of *Rome*;
And oh! to an amazing fearful Summ.
Their barb'rous Rapes, Adult'ries, Murders mount
I bring you, Righteous Gods! the dread Account. [*Dies.*
Caſſ. Where art thou now my Love? and why become
Kneeling by her, and leaning over her.
Pale as a Ghoſt, and as a Statue dumb? Oh!